This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

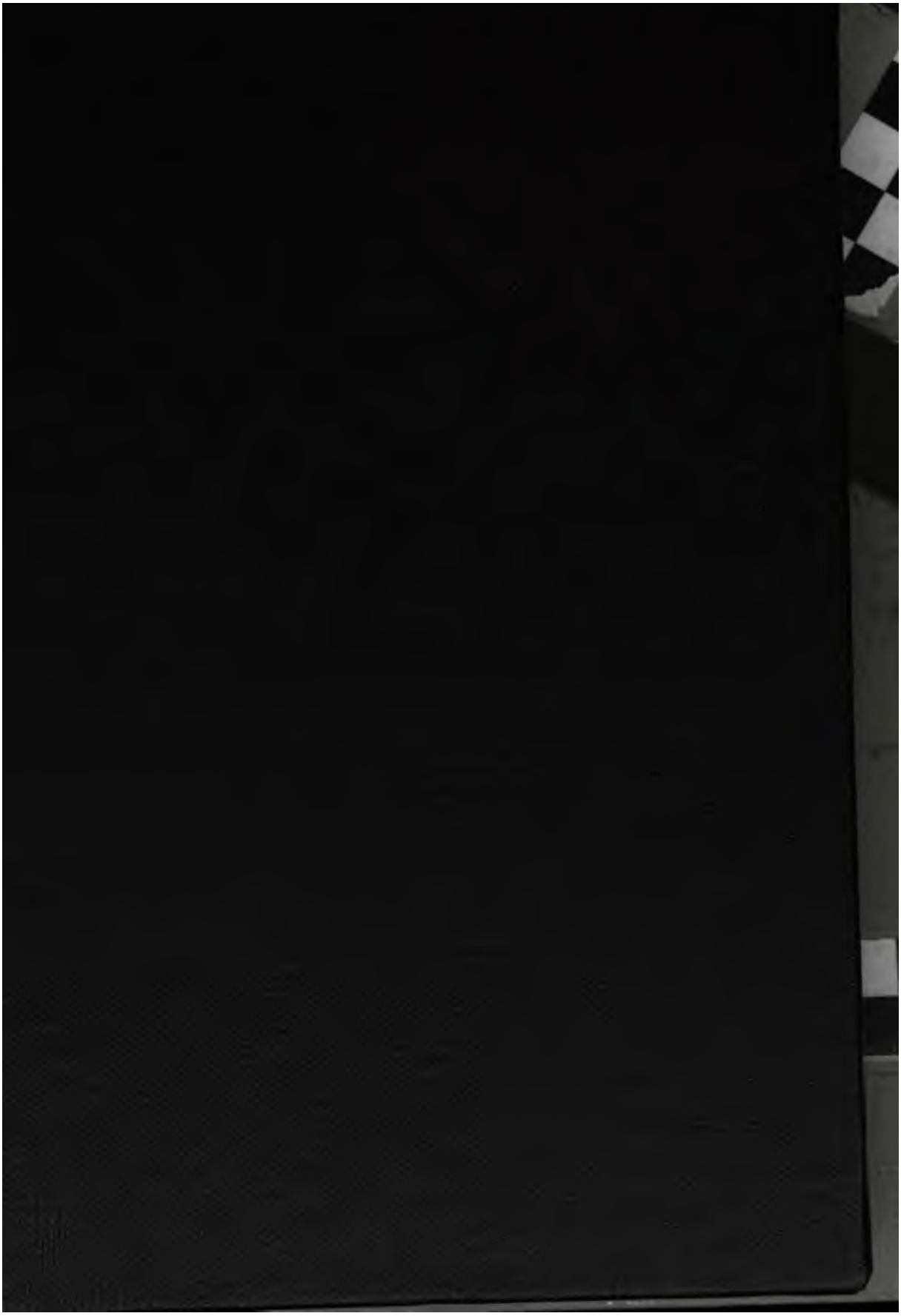
+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`



STANFORD UNIVERSITY
LIBRARIES

THE CHINESE BOY AND GIRL

CHINESE BROWNIES AT PLAY.

THE CHINESE BOY AND GIRL

BY
ISAAC TAYLOR HEADLAND
OF PEKING UNIVERSITY

Author of Chinese Mother Goose Rhymes

Fleming H. Revell Company
NEW YORK CHICAGO TORONTO

Copyright, 1901 by
Fleming H. Revell Company
(September)

THE CAXTON PRESS
NEW YORK.

PREFACE

No thorough study of Chinese child life can be made until the wall of Chinese exclusiveness is broken down and the homes of the East are thrown open to the people of the West. Glimpses of that life however, are available, sufficient in number and character to give a fairly good idea of what it must be. The playground is by no means always hidden, least of all when it is the street. The Chinese nurse brings her Chinese rhymes, stories and games into the foreigner's home for the amusement of its little ones. Chinese kindergarten methods and appliances have no superior in their ingenuity and their ability to interest, as well as instruct. In the matter of travelling shows and jugglers also, no country is better supplied, and these are chiefly for the entertainment of the little ones.

To the careful observer of these different phases it becomes apparent that the Chinese child is well supplied with methods of exercise and amusement, also that he has much in common with the children of other lands. A large collection of toys shows many duplicates of those common in the West, and from the nursery rhymes of at least two out of the eighteen provinces it appears that the Chinese nursery is rich in Mother Goose. As a companion to the "Chinese Mother Goose," this book seeks to show that the same sunlight fills the homes of both East and West. If it also leads their far-away mates to look upon the Chinese Boy and Girl as real little folk, human like themselves, and thus think more kindly of them, its mission will have been accomplished.

CONTENTS

PAGE

THE NURSERY AND ITS RHYMES 9

CHILDREN AND CHILD-LIFE 33

GAMES PLAYED BY BOYS 51

GAMES PLAYED BY GIRLS 79

THE TOYS CHILDREN PLAY WITH 97

BLOCK GAMES—KINDERGARTEN 115

CHILDREN'S SHOWS AND ENTERTAINMENTS . 133

JUVENILE JUGGLING 147

STORIES TOLD TO CHILDREN 163

"UP YOU GO."

READY FOR A WALK WITH NURSE.

THE NURSERY AND ITS RHYMES

It is a mistake to suppose that any one nation or people has exclusive right to Mother Goose. She is an omnipresent old lady. She is Asiatic as well as European or American. Wherever there are mothers, grandmothers, and nurses there are Mother Gooses,—or, shall we say, Mother Geese—for I am at a loss as to how to pluralize this old dame. She is in India, whence I have rhymes from her, of which the following is a sample:

Heh, my baby! Ho, my baby!
See the wild, ripe plum,
And if you'd like to eat a few,
I'll buy my baby some.

She is in Japan. She has taught the children there to put their fingers together as we do for "This is the church,

this is the steeple," when she says:

A bamboo road,
With a floor-mat siding,
Children are quarrelling,
And parents chiding,

the "children" being represented by the fingers and the "parents" by the thumbs. She is in China. I have more than 600 rhymes from her Chinese collection. Let me tell you how I got them.

One hot day during my summer vacation, while sitting on the veranda of a house among the hills, fifteen miles west of Peking, my friend, Mrs. C. H. Fenn, said to me:

"Have you noticed those rhymes, Mr. Headland?"

"What rhymes?" I inquired.

"The rhymes Mrs. Yin is repeating to Henry."

"No, I have not noticed them. Ask her to repeat that one again."

Mrs. Fenn did so, and the old nurse repeated the following rhyme, very much in the tone of, "The goblins 'll git you if you don't look out."

He climbed up the candlestick,
The little mousey brown,
To steal and eat tallow,
And he couldn't get down.
He called for his grandma,
But his grandma was in town,
So he doubled up into a wheel,
And rolled himself down.

I asked the nurse to repeat it again, more slowly, and I wrote it down together with the translation.

Now, I think it must be admitted that there is more in this rhyme to commend it to the public than there is in "Jack and Jill." If when that remarkable young couple went for the pail of water, Master Jack had carried it himself, he would have been entitled to some credit for gallantry, or if in cracking his crown he had fallen so as to prevent Miss Jill from "tumbling," or even in such a way as to break her fall and make it easier for her, there would have been some reason for the popularity of such a record. As it is, there is no way to account for it except the fact that it is simple and rhythmic and children like it. This rhyme, however, in the original, is equal to "Jack and Jill" in rhythm and rhyme, has as good a story, exhibits a more scientific tumble, with a less tragic result, and contains as good a moral as that found in "Jack Sprat."

It is as popular all over North China as "Jack and Jill" is throughout Great Britain and America. Ask any Chinese child if he knows the "Little Mouse," and he reels it off to you as

readily as an English-speaking child does "Jack and Jill." Does he like it? It is a part of his life. Repeat it to him, giving one word incorrectly, and he will resent it as strenuously as your little boy or girl would if you said,

Jack and Jill
Went *down* the hill

Suppose you repeat some familiar rhyme to a child differently from the way he learned it and see what the result will be.

Having obtained this rhyme, I asked Mrs. Yin if she knew any more. She smiled and said she knew "lots of them." I induced her to tell them to me, promising her five hundred cash (about three cents) for every rhyme she could give me, good, bad, or indifferent, for I wanted to secure all kinds. And I did. Before I was through I had rhymes which ranged from the two extremes of the keenest parental affection to those of unrefined filthiness. The latter class however came not from the nurses but from the children themselves.

When I had finished with her I had a dozen or more. I soon learned these so that I could repeat them in the original, which gave me an entering wedge to the heart of every man, woman or child I met.

One day, as I rode through a broom-corn field on the back of a little donkey, my feet almost dragging on the ground, I was repeating some of these rhymes, when the driver running at my side said:

"Ha, you know those children's songs, do you?"

"Yes, do you know any?"

"Lots of them," he answered. "Lots of them" is a favorite expression with the Chinese.

"Tell me some."

"Did you ever hear this one?"

"Fire-fly, fire-fly,
Come from the hill,
Your father and mother
Are waiting here still.
They've brought you some sugar,
Some candy and meat,
Come quick or I'll give it
To baby to eat."

I at once dismounted and wrote it down, and promised him five hundred cash apiece for every new one he could give me. In this way, going to and from the city, in conversation with old nurses or servants, personal friends, teachers, parents or children, or foreign children who had been born in China and had learned rhymes from their nurses, I continued to gather them during the entire vacation, and when autumn came I had more than fifty of the most common and consequently the best rhymes known in and about Peking.

A few months after I returned to the city a circular was sent around asking for subscriptions to a volume of Pekinese Folklore, published by Baron Vitali, Interpreter at the

Italian legation, which, on examination, proved to be exactly what I wanted. He had collected about two hundred and fifty rhymes, had made a literal—not metrical—translation, and had issued them in book form without expurgation. Others learned of my collection, and rhymes began to come to me from all parts of the empire. Dr. Arthur H. Smith, the well-known author of "Chinese Characteristics" gave me a collection of more than three hundred made in Shantung, among which were rhymes similar to those we had found in Peking. Still later I received other versions of these same rhymes from my little friend, Miss Chalfant, collected in a different part of Shantung from that occupied by Dr. Smith. I then had no fewer than five versions of

"This little pig went to market,"

each having some local coloring not found in the other, proving that the fingers and toes furnish children with the same entertainment in the Orient as in the Occident, and that the rhyme is widely known throughout China.

These nursery rhymes have never been printed in the Chinese language, but like our own Mother Goose before the year 1719, if we may credit the Boston story, they are carried in the minds and hearts of the children. Here arose the first difficulty we experienced in collecting rhymes—the matter of getting them complete. Few are able to repeat the whole of the

"House that Jack built"

although it has been printed many times and they learned it all in their youth. The difficulty is multiplied tenfold in China where the rhymes have never been printed, and where there have grown up various versions from one original which the nurse had, no doubt, partly forgotten, but was compelled to complete for the entertainment of the child.

A second difficulty in making such a collection is that of getting unobjectionable rhymes. While the Chinese classics are among the purest classical books of the world, there is yet a large proportion of the people who sully everything they take into their hands as well as every thought they take into their minds. Thus so many of their rhymes have suffered. Some have an undertone of reviling. Some speak familiarly of subjects which we are not accustomed to mention, and others are impure in the extreme.

THE CHINESE BOY AND GIRL

A third difficulty in making a collection of Chinese nursery lore is greater than either the first or the second,—I refer to the difficulty of a metrical rendition of the rhymes. I have no doubt my readers can easily find flaws in my translations of Chinese Mother Goose Rhymes published during the past year. It is much easier for me to find the flaws than the remedies. Many of the words used in the original have no written character or hieroglyphic to represent them, while many others, though having a written form, are, like our own slang expressions, not found in the dictionary.

Now let us turn to a more pleasant feature of this unwritten nursery literature. The language is full of good rhymes, and all objectionable features can be cut out without injury to the rhyme, as it was not a part of the original, but added by some more unscrupulous hand.

Among the nursery rhymes of all countries many refer to insects, birds, animals, persons, actions, trades, food or children. In Chinese rhymes we have the cricket, cicada, spider, snail, firefly, ladybug and butterfly and others. Among fowls we have the bat, crow, magpie, cock, hen, duck and goose. Of animals, the dog, cow, horse, mule, donkey, camel, and mouse, are the favorites. There are also rhymes on the snake and frog, and others without number on places, things and persons,—men, women and children.

Those who hold that the Chinese do not love their children have never consulted their nursery lore. There is no language in the world, I venture to believe, which contains children's songs expressive of more keen and tender

affection than some of those sung to children in China. When we hear a parent say that his child

"Is as sweet as sugar and cinnamon too,"

or that

"Baby is a sweet pill,
That fills my soul with joy"

or when we see a father, mother or nurse—for nurses sometimes become almost as fond of their little charge as the parents themselves,—hugging the child to their bosoms as they say that he is so sweet that "he makes you love him till it kills you," we begin to appreciate the affection that prompts the utterance.

Another feature of these rhymes is the same as that found in the nursery songs of all nations, namely, the food element. "Jack Sprat," "Little Jacky Horner," "Four and Twenty Blackbirds," "When Good King Arthur Ruled the Land," and a host of others will indicate what I mean. A little child is a highly developed stomach, and anything which tells about something that ministers to the appetite and tends to satisfy that aching void, commends itself to his literary taste, and hence the popularity of many

of our nursery rhymes, the only thought of which is about something good to eat. Notice the following:

> Look at the white breasted crows overhead.
> My father shot once and ten crows tumbled dead.
> When boiled or when fried they taste very good,
> But skin them, I tell you, there's no better food.

In imagination I can see the reader raise his eyebrows and mutter, "Do the Chinese eat crows?" while at the same time he has been singing all his life about what a "dainty dish" "four and twenty blackbirds" would make for the "king," without ever raising the question as to whether blackbirds are good eating or not.

We note another feature of all nursery rhymes in the additions made by the various persons through whose hands, —or should we say, through whose mouths they pass.

THE NURSERY AND ITS RHYMES

When an American or English child hears how a certain benevolent dame found no bone in her cupboard to satisfy the cravings of her hungry dog, its feelings of compassion are stirred up to ask: "And then what? Didn't she get any meat? Did the dog die?" and the nurse is compelled to make another verse to satisfy the curiosity of the child and bring both the dame and the dog out of the dilemma in which they have been left. This is what happened in the case of "Old Mother Hubbard" as will readily be seen by examining the meter of the various verses. The original "Mother Hubbard" consisted of nothing more than the first six lines which contain three rhymes. All the other verses have but four lines and one rhyme.

We find the same thing in Chinese Mother Goose. Take the following as an example:

He ate too much,
That second brother,
And when he had eaten
He beat his mother.

This was the original rhyme. Two

verses have been added without rhyme, reason, rhythm, sense or good taste. They are as follows:

His mother jumped up on the window-sill,
But the window had no crack,
She then looked into the looking-glass,
But the mirror had no back.

Then all at once she began to sing,
But the song it had no end
And then she played the monkey trick
And to heaven she did ascend.

The moral teachings of nursery rhymes are as varied as the morals of the people to whom the rhymes belong. The "Little Mouse" already given contains both a warning and a penalty. The mouse which had climbed up the candlestick to steal tallow was unable to get down. This was the penalty for stealing, and indicates to children that if they visit the cupboard in their mother's absence and take her sweetmeats without her permission, they may suffer as the mouse did. To leave the mouse there after he had repeatedly called for that halo-crowned grandmother, who refused to come, would have been too much for the child's sympathies, and so the mouse doubles himself up into a wheel, and rolls to the floor.

In other rhymes, children are warned against stealing, but the penalty threatened is rather an indication of the untruthfulness of the parent or nurse than a promise of reform in the child, for they are told that,

If you steal a needle
Or steal a thread,
A pimple will grow
Upon your head.

If you steal a dog
Or steal a cat,
A pimple will grow
Beneath your hat.

Boys are warned of the dire consequences if they wear their hats on the side of their heads or go about with ragged coats or slipshod feet.

If you wear your hat on the side of your head,
You'll have a lazy wife, 'tis said.
If a ragged coat or slipshod feet,
You'll have a wife who loves to eat.

Those rhymes which manifest the affection of parents for children cultivate a like affection in the child. We have in the Chinese Mother Goose a rhyme called the Little Orphan, which is a most pathetic tale. A little boy tells us that,

Like a little withered flower,
That is dying in the earth,
I was left alone at seven
By her who gave me birth.

THE CHINESE BOY AND GIRL

With my papa I was happy
  But I feared he'd take another,
But now my papa's married,
  And I have a little brother.

And he eats good food,
  While I eat poor,
And cry for my mother,
  Whom I'll see no more.

Such a rhyme cannot but develop the pathetic and sympathetic instincts of the child, making it more kind and gentle to those in distress.

A girl in one of the rhymes urged by instinct and desire to chase a butterfly, gives up the idea of catching it, presumably out of a feeling of sympathy for the insect.

Unfortunately all their rhymes do not have this same high moral tone. They indicate a total lack of respect for the Buddhist priests. This is not necessarily against the rhyme any more than against the priest, but it is an unfortunate disposition to cultivate in children. There are constant sallies at the shaved noddle of the priest. They speak of his head as a gourd, and they class him with the tiger as a beast of prey.

Some of the rhymes illustrate the disposition of the Chinese to nickname every one, from the highest official in the empire to the meanest beggar on the street. One of the great men of the present dynasty, a prime minister and intimate friend of the emperor, goes by the name of Humpbacked Liu. Another may be Cross-eyed Wang, another Club-footed Chang, another Bald-headed Li. Any physical deformity or mental peculiarity may give him his nickname. Even foreigners suffer in reputation from this national bad habit.

A man whose face is covered with pockmarks is ridiculed by children in the following rhyme, which is only a

sample of what might be produced on a score of other subjects:

Old pockmarked Ma,
  He climbed up a tree,
A dog barked at him,
  And a man caught his knee,
Which scared old Poxey
  Until he couldn't see.

A well-known characteristic of the Chinese is to do things opposite to the way in which we do them. We accuse them of doing things backwards, but it is we who deserve such blame because they antedated us in the doing of them. We shake each other's hands, they each shake their own hands. We take off our hats as a mark of respect, they keep theirs on. We wear black for mourning, they wear white. We wear our vests inside, they wear theirs outside. A hundred other things more or less familiar to us all, illustrate this rule. In some of their nursery rhymes everything is said and done on the "cart before the horse" plan. This is illustrated by a rhyme in which when the speaker heard a disturbance outside his door he discovered it was because a "dog had been bitten by a man." Of course, he at once rushed to the rescue. He "took up the door and he opened his hand." He "snatched up the dog and threw him at a brick." The brick bit his hand and he left the scene "beating on a horn and blowing on a drum."

Tongue twisters are as common in Chinese as in English, and are equally appreciated by the children. From the na-

ture of such rhymes, however, it is impossible to translate them into any other language.

In one of these children's songs, a cake-seller informs the public in stentorian tones that his wares will restore sight to the blind and that

> They cure the deaf and heal the lame,
> And preserve the teeth of the aged dame.

They will further cause hair to grow on a bald head and give courage to a henpecked husband. A girl who has been whipped by her mother mutters to herself how she would love and serve a husband if she only had one, even going to the extent of calling that much-despised mother-in-law her mother, and when overheard by her irate parent and asked what she was saying, she answers:

> I was saying the beans are boiling nice
> And it's just about time to add the rice.

These are rather an indication of good cheer on the part of the children than lack of filial affection. A parent must be cruel indeed to make a girl willing to give up her mother for a mother-in-law.

Another style of verses comes under the head of pure nonsense rhymes. They are wholly without sense and I am not sure they are good nonsense. They are popular, how-

ever, with the children, and critics may say what they will, but the children are the last court of appeal in case of nursery rhymes. Let me give one:

There's a cow on the mountain, the old saying goes,
On her legs are four feet, on her feet are eight toes.
Her tail is behind on the end of her back,
And her head is in front on the end of her neck.

The Chinese nursery is well provided with rhymes pertaining to certain portions of the body. They have rhymes to repeat when they play with the five fingers, and others when they pull the toes; rhymes when they take hold of the knee and expect the child to refrain from laughing, no matter how much its knee is tickled; rhymes which correspond to all our face and sense; rhymes where the forehead represents the door and the five senses various other things, ending, of course, by tickling the child's neck.

All of these have called forth rhymes among Chinese children similar to "little pig went to market," "forehead bender, eye winker," etc. The parent, or the nurse, taking hold of the toes of the child, repeats the following rhyme, as much to the amusement of the little Oriental as the "little pig" has always been to our own children:

This little cow eats grass,
This little cow eats hay,
This little cow drinks water,
This little cow runs away,
This little cow does nothing,
Except lie down all day.
We'll whip her.

And, with that, she playfully pats the little bare foot.

If it is the hand that is played with the fingers are taken hold of one after another, as the parent, or nurse, repeats the following rhyme:

This one's old,
This one's young,
This one has no meat;
This one's gone
To buy some hay,
And this one's on the street.

THE CHINESE BOY AND GIRL

There are various forms of this rhyme, depending upon the place where it is found. The above is the Shantung version. In Peking it is as follows:

A great, big brother,
And a little brother,
too,
A big bell tower,
And a temple and a
show,
And little baby
wee, wee,
Always wants to
go.

The following rhyme explains itself: The nurse knocks on the forehead, then touches the eye, nose, ear, mouth and chin successively, as she repeats:

Knock at the door,
See a face,
Smell an odor,
Hear a voice,
Eat your dinner,
Pull your chin, or
Ke chih, ke chih.

Tickling the child's neck with the last two expressions.

THE NURSERY AND ITS RHYMES

We have in English a rhyme:

If you be a gentleman,
As I suppose you be,
You'll neither laugh nor smile
With a tickling of your knee.

I had tried many months to find if there were any finger, face or body games other than those already given. Our own nurse insisted that she knew of none, but one day I noticed her grabbing my little girl's knee, while she was saying:

One grab silver,
Two grabs gold,
Three don't laugh,
And you'll grow old.

There is no literature in China, not even in the sacred books, which is so generally known as their nursery rhymes. These are understood and repeated by the educated and the illiterate alike; by the children of princes and the children of beggars; children in the city and children in the country and villages, and they produce like results in the minds and hearts of all. The little folks laugh over the Cow, look sober over the Little Orphan, absorb the morals taught by the Mouse, and are sung to sleep by the song of the Little Snail.

Sometimes however they, like children in other lands, are skeptical as to the reality of the stories told in the songs. Thus I remember once hearing our old nurse telling a number of stories and singing a number of songs to the little

folk in the nursery. They had accepted one after another the legends as they rolled off the old woman's tongue, without question, but pretty soon she gave them a version of a Wind Song which aroused their incredulity. She sang:

Old grandmother Wind has come from the East.
She's ridden a donkey—a dear little beast.
Old mother-in-law Rain has come back again.
She's come from the North on a horse, it is plain.

Old grandmother Snow is coming you know,
From the West on a crane—just see how they go.
And old aunty Lightning has come from the South,
On a big yellow dog with a bit in his mouth.

"There is no grandmother Wind, is there, nurse?"

"No, of course not, people only call her grandmother Wind."

"Why do they call the other mother-in-law Rain?"

"I suppose, because mothers-in-law are often disagreeable, just like rainy weather."

"And why do they speak of snow and the crane, and lightning and a yellow dog?"

"I suppose, because a crane is somewhat the color of snow, and a yellow dog swift and the color of lightning."

"MY TURN NEXT."

PLAYING HORSE.

CHILDREN AND CHILD-LIFE

BEFORE going to China, I could not but wonder, when I saw a Chinese or Japanese doll, why it was they made such unnatural looking things for babies to play with. On reaching the Orient the whole matter was explained by my first sight of a baby. The doll looks like the child!

Nothing in China is more common than babies. Nothing more helpless. Nothing more troublesome. Nothing more attractive. Nothing more interesting.

A Chinese baby is a round-faced little helpless human animal, whose eyes look like two black marbles over which the skin had been stretched, and a slit made on the bias. His nose is a little kopje in the centre of his face, above a yawning chasm which requires constant filling to insure the preservation of law and order. On his shaved head are left

small tufts of hair in various localities, which give him the appearance of the plain about Peking, on which the traveler sees, here and there, a small clump of trees around a country village, a home, or a cemetery; the remainder of the country being bare. These tufts are usually on the "soft spot," in the back of his neck, over his ears, or in a braid or a ring on the side of his head.

The amount of joy brought to a home by the birth of a child depends upon several important considerations, chief among which are its sex, the number and sex of those already in the family, and the financial condition of the home.

In general the Chinese prefer a preponderance of boys, but in case the family are in good circumstances and already have several boys, they are as anxious for a girl as parents in any other country.

The reason for this is deeper than the mere fact of sex. It is imbedded in the social life and customs of the people. A girl remains at home until she is sixteen or seventeen, during which time she is little more than an expense. She is then taken to her husband's home and her own family have no further control over her life or conduct. She loses her identity with her own family, and becomes part of that of her husband. This through many years and centuries has generated in the popular mind a feeling that it is "bad business raising girls for other people," and there are not a few parents who would prefer to bring up the girl betrothed to their son, rather than bring up their own daughter.

"Selfishness!" some people exclaim when they read such things about the Chinese. Yes, it is selfishness; but life in China is not like ours—a struggle for luxuries—but a struggle, not for bread and rice as many suppose, but for cornmeal and cabbage, or something else not more palatable. This is the life to which most Chinese children are born, and parents can scarcely be blamed for preferring boys whose hands may help provide for their mouths, to girls who are only an expense.

The presumption is that a Chinese child is born with the same general disposition as children in other countries. This may perhaps be the case; but either from the treatment it receives from parents or nurses, or because of the disposition it inherits, its nature soon becomes changed, and it develops certain characteristics peculiar to the Chinese child. It becomes *t'ao ch'i.* That almost means

mischievous; it almost means troublesome—a little tartar—but it means exactly *t'ao ch'i.*

In this respect almost every Chinese child is a little tyrant. Father, mother, uncles, aunts, and grandparents are all made to do his bidding. In case any of them seems to be recalcitrant, the little dear lies down on his baby back on the dusty ground and kicks and screams until the refractory parent or nurse has repented and succumbed, when he gets up and good-naturedly goes on with his play and allows them to go about their business. The child is *t'ao ch'i.*

This disposition is general and not confined to any one rank or grade in society, if we may credit the stories that come from the palace regarding the present young Emperor Kuang Hsü. When a boy he very much preferred foreign to Chinese toys, and so the eunuchs stocked the palace nursery with all the most wonderful toys the ingenuity and mechanical skill of Europe had produced. As he grew older the toys became more complicated, being in the form of gramophones, graphophones, telephones, phonographs, electric lights, electric cars, cuckoo clocks, Swiss watches and indeed all the great inventions of modern times. The boy was *t'ao ch'i,* and the eunuchs say that if he were thwarted in any of his undertakings, or denied anything he very much desired, he would dash a Swiss watch, or anything else he might have in his hand, to the floor, breaking it into atoms ; and as there was no chance of using the rod there was no way but to spoil the child.

It is amusing to listen to the women in a Chinese home when a baby comes. If the child is a boy the parents are

congratulated on every hand because of the "great happiness" that has come to their home. If it is a girl, and there are more girls than boys in the family, the old nurse goes about as if she had stolen it from somewhere, and when she is congratulated, if congratulated she happens to be, she says with a sigh and a funereal face, "Only a 'small happiness'—but that isn't bad."

When a child is born it is considered one year old, and its years are reckoned not from its birthdays but from its New Year's days. If it has the good fortune to be born the day before New Year's day, when it is two days old it is reckoned two years old, being one year old when born and two years old on its first New Year's day.

The first great event in a child's life occurs when it is one month old. It is then given its first public reception. Its head is shaved amid kicking and screaming, its mother is up and around where she can receive the congratulations of her friends, its grandmother is the honored guest of the occasion, and the baby is named.

All the relatives and friends are invited and every one is expected to take dinner with the child, and, which is more important, to bring presents. If the family is poor, this day puts into the treasury of life a day of happiness and a goodly amount of filthy lucre. If the family is rich the presents are correspondingly rich, for nowhere either in Orient or Occident can there be found a people more lavish and generous in their gifts than the Chinese. All the family can afford is spent upon the dinner given on this occasion, with the assurance that they will receive in presents and money more than double the expense both of the dinner and the birth of the child. If they do not "come" they are expected to "send" or they "lose face." Among the middle class, the presents are of a useful nature, usually in the form of money, clothing or silver ornaments which are always worth their weight in bullion.

The name given the child is called its "milk" name, and is supposed to last only until the boy enters school. Whether boy or girl it may answer a good part of its life to the place it occupies in the family whether first, second, or third.

If a girl she may be compelled to answer to "Little Slave," and if a boy to

"Baldhead." But the names usually given indicate the place or time of birth, the hope of the parent for the child, or exhibit the parent's love of beauty or euphony.

A friend who was educated in a school situated in Filial Piety Lane and who afterwards lived near Filial Piety Gate called his first son "Two Filials." Another friend had sons whose names were "Have a Man," "Have a Mountain," "Have a Garden," "Have a Fish." In conversation with this friend about the son whose "milk" name was "Have a Man," I constantly spoke of the boy by his "school" name, the only name by which I knew him. The old man was perfectly blank—he knew not of whom I spoke, as he had not seen his son since he got his school name. Finally, as it began to dawn on him that I was talking of his son, he asked:

"Whom are you talking about?"

"Your son."

"Oh, you mean 'Have a Man.'"

This same man had a little girl called "Apple," not an ordinary apple, but the most luscious apple known to North China. I have as I write a list of names commonly applied to girls from which I select the following: Beautiful Autumn, Charming Flower, Jade Pure, Lucky Pearl, Precious Harp, Covet Spring; and the parent's way of speaking of his little girl, when not wishing to be self-depreciative, is to call her his "Thousand ounces of gold."

The names given to boys are quite as humiliating or as elevating as those given to girls. He may be Number One, Two or Three, Pig, Dog or Flea, or he may be like Wu T'ing Fang a "Fragrant Palace," or like Li Hung Chang, an "Illustrious Bird" or "Learned Treatise."

During the summer-time in North China the child goes almost if not completely naked. Until it is five years old, its wardrobe consists largely of a chest-protector and a pair of shoes. In the winter-time its trousers are quilted, with feet attached, its coat made in the same way, and it is anything but "clean and sweet." The odor is not unlike that of an up-stairs back room in a narrow alley at Five Points, in which dwell a whole family of emigrants.

When the Chinese child is ill he does not have the same kind of hospital accommodations, nursing and medical skill at his command as do we in the West. His bed is brick, his pillow stuffed with bran or grass-seed, he has no sheets, his food is coarse and ill-adapted to a sick child's stomach.

While his nurse may be kind, gentle and loving she is not always skillful, and as for the ability of his physician let the following child's song tell us:

My wife's little daughter once fell very ill,
And we called for a doctor to give her a pill.
He wrote a prescription which now we will give her,
In which he has ordered a *mosquito's liver.*
And then in addition the *heart of a flea,*
And *half pound of fly-wings* to make her some tea.

THE CHINESE BOY AND GIRL

When the child begins to walk and talk it begins to be interesting. Its father has a little push cart made by which it learns to walk, and the nurse goes about the court with it repeating *ba ba, ma ma,* (notice that these words for papa and mama are practically the same in Chinese as in English, the *b* being substituted for *p*), and all the various words which mean elder brother, younger brother, elder and younger sisters, uncles, aunts, grandfathers, grandmothers, and cousins and all the various relatives which may be found in its family, village or home.

It is not an easy matter to learn the names of one's relatives in China, as there is a separate name for each showing whether the person whom we call uncle is father or mother's elder or younger brother or the husband of their elder or younger sister. When it comes to learning the names of all one's cousins it is quite a difficult affair. Suppose, for instance, you were to introduce me to your cousin, and I wanted to know which one, you might explain that he is the son of your mother's elder brother. In China the word you used for cousin would express the exact idea. The child begins his study of language by learning all these relationships.

These are for the most part taught them by the nurse, who is an important element in the Chinese home and a useful adjunct to the child. Each little girl in the homes of the better classes has her own particular nurse, who teaches her nursery songs in her childhood, is her companion during her youth, goes with her to her husband's home, when she marries presumably to prevent her becoming lonesome, and

remains with her through life. In conversation with the granddaughters of a duke and their old nurse, I discovered that the same games the little children play upon the street,

they play in the seclusion of their green-tiled palace, and the same nursery songs that entice Morpheus to share the mat shed of the beggar's boy, entice him also to share the silken couch of the emperor in the palace.

When a boy is old enough, he grows a queue, which takes the place in the life of the Chinese boy which his first pair of trousers does in that of the American or English boy. It is one of the first things he lives for; and he should not be despised for wearing his hair in this fashion, especially when we remember that George Washington and Lafayette and their contemporaries wore their hair in a braid down their backs.

Besides the queue has a great variety of uses. It serves

him in some of the games he plays. When I saw the boys in geometry use their queues to strike an arc or draw a circle, it reminded me of my college days when I had forgotten to take a string to class. The laborer spreads a handkerchief or towel over his head, wraps his queue around it and makes for himself a hat. The cart driver whips his mule with it; the beggar uses it to scare away the dogs; the father takes hold of his little boy's queue instead of his hand when walking with him on the street, or the child follows holding to his father's queue, and the boys use it as reins when they play horse. I saw this amusingly illustrated on the streets of Peking. Two boys were playing horse. Now I have always noticed that when a boy plays horse, it is not because he has any desire to be the horse, but the driver. He is willing to be horse for a time, in order that he may be allowed to be driver for a still longer time. A large boy was playing horse with a smaller one, the latter acting as the beast of burden. This continued for some time, when the smaller, either discovering that a horse is larger than a man, or that it is more noble to be a man than a horse, balked, and said:

"Now you be horse."

The older was not yet inclined to be horse, and tried in vain, by coaxing, scolding and whipping, to induce him to move, but the horse was firm. The driver was also firm, and not until the horse in a very unhorselike manner, gave away to tears, could the man be induced to let himself down to the level of a horse. From all of which it will be seen that the disposition of Chinese children is no exception to

that longing for superiority which prevails in every human heart.

All kinds of trades, professions, and employments have as great attraction for Chinese as for American children. A

country boy looks forward to the time when he can stand up in the cart and drive the team. Children seeing a battalion of soldiers at once "organize a company." This was amusingly illustrated by a group of children in Peking during the Chinese-Japanese war. Each had a stick or a weed for a gun, except the drummer-boy, who was provided with an empty fruit-can. They went through various maneuvres, for practice, no doubt, and all seemed to be going on beautifully until one of those in front shouted, in a voice filled with fear:

THE CHINESE BOY AND GIRL

"The Japanese are coming, the Japanese are coming."

This was the signal for a general retreat, and the children, in imitation of the army then in the field, retreated in disorder and dismay in every direction.

The Chinese boys and girls are little men and women. At an early age they are familiar with all the rules of behaviour which characterize their after life and conduct. Their clothes are cut on the same pattern, out of the same kind of cloth as those of their parents and grandparents. There are no kilts and knee-breeches, pinafores and short skirts, to make them feel that they are little people.

But they are little people as really and truly as are the children of other countries. A gentleman in reviewing my "Chinese Mother Goose Rhymes" speaks of some of the illustrations which "present the Chinese children playing their sober little games." Why we should call such a game as "blind man's buff," "e-ni-me-ni-mi-ni-mo," "this little pig went to market" or "pat-a-cake" "sober little games," unless it is because of preconceived notions of the Chinese people I do not understand. The children are dignified

little people, but they enjoy all the attractions of child-life as much as other children do.

It is a mistake to suppose that the life of Chinese children is a doleful one. It is understood, of course, that their life is not the same, nor to be compared with that of children in Europe or America: and it should be remembered further

that the pleasures of child-life are not measured by the gratification of every childish whim. Many of the little street children who spend a large part of their time in efforts to support the family, when allowed to go to a fair or have a public holiday enjoy themselves more in a single day than the child of wealth, in a whole month of idleness.

In addition to his games and rhymes, the fairs which are held regularly in the great Buddhist temples in different parts of the cities, are to the Chinese boy what a country fair, a circus or Fourth of July is to an American farmer's boy or girl. He has his cash for candy or fruit, his crackers which he fires off at New Year's time, making day a time

of unrest, and night hideous. Kite-flying is a pleasure which no American boy appreciates as does the Chinese, a pleasure which clings to him till he is three-score years and ten, for it is not uncommon to find a child and his grandfather in the balmy days of spring flying their kites together. He has his pet birds which he carries around in cages or on a perch unlike any other child we have ever seen. He has his crickets with which he amuses himself—not "gambles" —and his gold fish which bring him days and years of delight. Indeed the Chinese child, though in the vast majority of cases very poor, has ample provision for a very good time, and if he does not have it, it must be his own fault.

Statements about the life of the children, however, may be nothing more than personal impressions, and are usually colored as largely by the writer's prejudices as by the conditions of the children. Some of us are so constituted as to see the dark side of the picture, others the bright. Let us go with the boys and girls to their games. Let us play with their toys and be entertained by the shows that entertain them, and see if they are not of the same flesh and blood, heart and sentiment as we. We shall find that the boys and girls live together, work together, study together, play together, have their heads shaved alike and quarrel with each other until they are seven years old, the period which brings to an end the life of the Chinese child. From this period it is the *boy* or the *girl.*

"BLESSINGS ON THEE, LITTLE MAN,
BARE-FOOT BOY WITH CHEEKS OF TAN."

A CASH FOR YOUR THOUGHTS.

GAMES PLAYED BY BOYS

CHILDREN'S games are always interesting. Chinese games are especially so because they are a mine hitherto unexplored. An eminent archdeacon once wrote: "The Chinese are not much given to athletic exercises." A well-known doctor of divinity states that, "their sports do not require much physical exertion, nor do they often pair off, or choose sides and compete, in order to see who are the best players," while a still more prominent writer tells us that, "active, manly sports are not popular in the South." Let us see whether these opinions are true.

Two years ago a letter from Dr. Luther Gulick, at present connected with the Pratt Institute, Brooklyn, N. Y., came to us while in Peking, asking that we study into the character of Chinese children's games. Dr. Gulick was preparing a

series of lectures on the "Psychology of Play." He desired to secure as much reliable information as possible regarding the play-life of the children of the East, in order that he might discover what relation exists between the games of Oriental and those of Occidental children. By so doing he would learn the effect of play on the mental and physical development as well as the character of children, and through them upon the human race as a whole. We were fortunate in having at our disposal a large number of students connected with Peking University, the preparatory, intermediate and primary schools, together with 150 girls in attendance at the girls' high school.

We received the letter at four o'clock, at which time the students had just been dismissed from school, and were taking their afternoon meal, but at 4:30 we went to the playground, notebook in hand, called together some of our most interesting boys, explained to them our object, and asked them to play for us. Some one may say that this was the worst possible thing to do, as it would make the children self-conscious and hence unnatural—the sequel, however, will show.

At first that was exactly what happened. The children tittered, and looked at each other in blank astonishment, then one of them walked away and several others gathered about us. We repeated our explanation in order to secure their interest, set their minds to work thinking up games, and do away with the embarrassment, and it was only a few minutes before an intelligent expression began to appear in the eyes of some of the boys, and one of them, who was

always ready for anything new, turned to his companion and said:

"You go and find Chi, and bring him here."

"Who is Chi?" we inquired.

"He is the boy who knows more games than any of the rest of us," he explained.

Away he ran and soon reappeared with a very unpromising looking boy whom we recognized as a street waif that had been taken into what some one called our "raggedy school" a few years before. He was a glum looking boy—a boy without a smile. There was a set expression on his face which might be interpreted as "life is not worth living," or, which would be an equally legitimate interpretation in the present instance, "these games are of no importance. If you want them we can play any number of them for you, but what will you do with them after you get them?"

All the crowd began at once to explain to Chi what we wanted, and he looked more solemn than ever, then we came to his rescue.

"Chi," we asked, "what kind of games do boys play?"

Slowly and solemnly Chi wound one leg around the other as he answered:

"Lots of them."

This is the stereotyped answer that will come from any Chinaman to almost any question he may be asked about things Chinese.

"For instance?" we further inquired.

"Forcing the city gates," he answered.

"Play it for me."

The boys at once appointed captains who chose sides, and they formed themselves into two lines facing each other, those of each line taking fast hold of each other's hands. The boys on one side then sang:

He stuck a feather in his hat,
And hurried to the town,
And children met him with a horse
For the gates were broken down.

Then one from the other side ran with all his force, throwing himself upon the hands of the boys who had sung, the object being to "break through," in which case he took the two whose hands had been parted to "his side," while if he failed to break through he had to remain

on their side. The others then sang. One from this group tried to break through their line, and thus they alternated until one side or the other was broken up.

The boys were panting and red in the face when the game was over, a strong argument against the Chinese-are-not-much-given-to-vigorous-exercise theory.

"Now play something which does not require so much exercise," we requested.

Every one looked at Chi, not that the other boys did not know the games, but simply because this matter-of-fact boy was their natural leader in this kind of sport.

"Blind man," he said quietly.

At once a handkerchief was tied around the eyes of one of the boys who was willing to be "blind man," and a game corresponding almost exactly to our own "blind

man's buff" was played, without the remotest embarrassment, but with as much naturalness as though neither teacher nor spectator was near them.

"Have you any other games which require strength?" we inquired.

"Man-wheel," said Chi in his monosyllabic way.

"Play it, please."

"Go and call Wei-Yuan," to one of the smaller boys.

The boy ran off to find the one indicated, and Chi selected two other middle-sized and two small boys. When Wei-Yuan, a larger but very good-natured, kindly-dispositioned lad, came, the two middle-sized boys stood

beside him, one facing north, the other south, and caught each other's hand over Wei-Yuan's shoulder. The two smaller boys then stood beside these two, each of whom clutched hold of the small boys' girdles, who in turn clutched their girdles and Wei-Yuan took their disengaged hands. Thus the five boys were firmly bound together. The wheel then began to turn, the small boys were gradually lifted from the ground and swung or whirled around in an almost horizontal position.

"This game requires more strength," Chi explained, "than any other small boys' game."

"Have you any games more vigorous than this?"

"Pitching the stone lock, and lifting the stone dumb-bells, but they are for men."

"What is that game you were playing a few days ago in which you used one stick to knock another?"

"One is striking the stick, and another is knocking the stick."

"Play one of them."

Chi drew two lines on the ground eight feet apart, on one of which he put a stick. He then threw another stick at it, the object being to drive it over the other line. He who first succeeds in driving it over the line wins the game. The sticks are ten to fifteen inches long.

Striking the stick is similar to tip-cat which we have often seen played by boys on the streets of New York. The children mark out a square five or six feet on each side. The striker takes a position inside, with his feet spread apart as wide as possible, to give him a better command of the square. One of the others places the block in the position which he supposes will be most difficult for the striker to hit. The latter is then at liberty to twist around on one foot, placing the other outside the square, in order if possible to secure a position from which he can strike to advantage. He then throws a stick about fifteen inches long at the block to drive it out of the square. If he fails, the one who placed the block takes the stick, and another places the block for him. If he succeeds he has the privilege of striking the block three times as follows: He first strikes it perpendicularly, which causes it to bound up two or three feet, when he hits it as one would hit a ball, driving it as far as possible. This he repeats three times, and if he succeeds in driving it the distance agreed upon, which may be 20, 50, 200, 300, 500 or more feet, he wins the game. If not he brings back the block and tries again, continuing to strike until he fails to drive it out of the square. This game develops ingenuity in placing the block and skill,

in striking, and is one of the most popular of all boys' games.

When they had finished striking the stick one of the smaller children went over to where Chi was standing and whispered in his ear. The expression of his face remained as unchangeable as that of a stone image, as he called out :

"Select fruit."

The boys danced about in high glee, selected two captains who chose sides, and they all squatted down in two rows twenty feet apart. Each boy was given the name of some kind of fruit, such as apples, pears, peaches, quinces or plums, all of which are common about Peking. The captain on one side then blindfolded one of his boys, while one from the other group arose and stealthily walked over and touched him, returning to his place among his own group and taking as nearly as possible the position he had when the other was blindfolded. In case his companions are uncertain as to whether his position is exactly the same,

they all change their position, in order to prevent the one blindfolded from guessing who it was who left his place.

The covering was then removed from his eyes, he went over to the other side, examined carefully if perchance he might discover, from change of position, discomfort in squatting, or a trace of guilt in the face or eyes of any of them, a clue to the guilty party. He "made faces" to try to cause the guilty one to laugh. He gesticulated, grimaced, did everything he could think of, but they looked blank and unconcerned, or all laughed together, allowing no telltale look to appear on their faces. His pantomimes sometimes brought out the guilty one, but in case they did not, his last resort was to risk a guess, and so he made his selection. If he was right he took the boy to his side; if wrong, he stayed on their side. One of their side was then blindfolded, and the whole was repeated until one group or the other

lost all its men. The game is popular among girls as well as boys.

"Do you have any other guessing games?" we asked Chi.

"Yes, there is point at the moon or the stars," he answered, "and blind man is also a guessing game."

By this time the boys had become enthusiastic, and had entirely forgotten that they were playing for us or indeed for any purpose. It was a new experience, this having their games taken in a notebook, and each was anxious not only that he play well, but that no mistake be made by any one. The more Chi realized the importance of playing the games properly the more solemn he became, if indeed it were possible to be more solemn than was his normal condition. He now changed to a game of an entirely different character from those already played. Those developed strength, skill or curiosity; this developed quick reaction in the players.

"What shall we play?" inquired one of the boys.

"Queue," answered Chi.

Immediately every boy jerked his queue over his shoulder and began to edge away from his companions. But as he walked away from one he drew near another, and a sudden calling of his name would so surprise him that in turning his head to see who spoke, his short queue would be jerked back over his shoulder and he received a dozen slaps from his companions, all of whom were waiting for just such an opportunity. This is the object of the game—to catch a boy with his queue down his back. Some of the boys, more spry than others, would move away to a distance, and then as though all unconsciously, allow their queue to hang down the back in its natural position, depending upon their fleetness or their agility in getting out of the way or bringing the queue around in front. This game is peculiarly interesting and caused much hilarity. At times even the solemn face of Chi relaxed into a smile.

"Honor," called out Chi, and as in the circus when the ringmaster cracks his whip, everything changed. The boys each hooked the first finger of his right hand with that of his companion and then pulled until their fingers broke apart, when they each uttered the word "Honor." This must not be spoken before they broke apart, but as soon as possible after, and he who was first heard was entitled to an obeisance on the part of the other. Those who failed the first trial sat down, and those who succeeded paired off and pulled once more, and so on until only one was left, who, as in the spelling-bees of our boyhood days, became the hero of the hour.

Chi, however, was not making heroes, or was it that he

did not want to hurt the feelings of those who were less agile; at any rate he called out "Hockey," and the boys at

once snatched up their short sticks and began playing at a game that is not unlike our American "shinny," a game which is so familiar to every American boy as to make description unnecessary—the principal difference between this and the American game being that the boys all try to prevent one boy from putting a ball into what they call the big hole, which, like the others, tended to develop quickness of action in the boys.

I was familiar with the fact that there are certain games which tend to develop the parental or protective instinct in children, while certain others develop the combative and destructive, as for instance playing with dolls develops the mother-instinct in girls; tea-parties, the love of society; and paper dolls teach them how to arrange the furniture in their houses; while on the other hand, wrestling, boxing, sparring, battles, and all such amusements if constantly engaged

in by boys, tend to make them, if properly guided and instructed, brave and patriotic; but if not properly led, cause them to be quarrelsome, domineering, cruel, coarse and rough, and I wondered if the Chinese boys had any such games.

"Chi," I asked, "do you have any such games as host and guest, or games in which the large boys protect the small ones?"

"Host and guest," said Chi.

The boys at once arranged themselves promiscuously over the playground, and with a few peanuts, or sour dates which they picked up under the date trees, with all the ceremony of their race, they invited the others to dine with them. After playing thus for a moment, Chi called out:

"Roast dog meat."

GAMES PLAYED BY BOYS

The children gathered in a group, put the palms of their hands together, squatted in a bunch or ring, and placed their hands together in the centre to represent the pot. The boy on the left of the illustration represents Mrs. Wang, the guest of the occasion, while Chi himself stands on the right with his hand on the head of one of the boys. Chi walked around the ring while he sang:

Roast, roast, roast dog meat,
The second pot smells bad,
The little pot is sweet,
Come, Mrs. Wang, please,
And eat dog meat.

He then invited Mrs. Wang to come and partake of a dinner of dog meat with him, and the following conversation ensued.

I cannot walk.
I'll hire a cart for you.
I'm afraid of the bumping.
I'll hire a sedan chair for you.
I'm afraid of the jolting.
I'll hire a donkey for you.
I'm afraid of falling off.
I'll carry you.
I have no clothes.
I'll borrow some for you.
I have no hair ornaments.
I'll make some for you.
I have no shoes.
I'll buy some for you.

This conversation may be carried on to any length, according to the fertility of the minds of the children, the excuses of Mrs. Wang at times being very ludicrous. All these, however, being met, the host carries her off on his back to partake of the dainties of a dog meat feast.

"What were you playing a few days ago when all the boys lay in a straight line?"

"Skin the snake."

The boys danced for glee. This was one of their favorite games.

They all stood in line one behind the other. They bent forward, and each put one hand between his legs and thus grasped the disengaged hand of the boy behind him.

Then they began backing. The one in the rear lay down and they backed over astride of him, each lying down as he backed over the one next behind him with the other's head between his legs and his head between the legs of his neighbor, keeping fast hold of hands. They were thus lying in a straight line.

The last one that lay down then got up, and as he walked astride the line raised each one after him until all were up, when they let go hands, stood straight, and the game was finished.

"Have you any other games which develop the protective instinct in boys?" we inquired of Chi.

"The hawk catching the young chicks," said the matter-of-fact boy, answering my question and directing the boys at the same time.

The children selected one of their number to represent the hawk and another the hen, the latter being one of the largest and best natured of the group, and one to whom the small boys naturally looked for protection.

They formed a line with the mother hen in front, each clutching fast hold of the others' clothing, with a large active boy at the end of the line.

The hawk then came to catch the chicks, but the mother hen spread her wings and moved from side to side keeping between the hawk and the brood, while at the same time

the line swayed from side to side always in the opposite direction from that in which the hawk was going. Every chick caught by the hawk was taken out of the line until they were all gone.

One of the boys whispered something to Chi.

"Strike the poles," exclaimed the latter.

As soon as they began playing we recognized it as a game we had already seen.

The boys stood about four feet apart, each having a stick four or five feet long which he grasped near the middle. As they repeated the following rhyme in concert they struck alternately the upper and lower ends of the sticks together, occasionally half inverting them and thus striking the upper ends together in an underhand way. They struck once for

each accented syllable of the following rhyme, making it a very rhythmical game.

Strike the stick,
One you see.
I'll strike you and you strike me.
Strike the stick,
Twice around,
Strike it hard for a good, big sound.
Strike it thrice,
A stick won't hurt.
The magpie wears a small white shirt..
Strike again.
Four for you.
A camel, a horse, and a Mongol too.
Strike it five—
Five I said,
A mushroom grows with dirt on its head.
Strike it six
Thus you do,
Six good horsemen caught Liu Hsiu.
Strike it seven
For 'tis said
A pheasant's coat is green and red.
Strike it eight,
Strike it right,
A gourd on the house-top blossoms white.
Strike again,
Strike it nine,
We'll have some soup, some meat and wine.
Strike it ten,
Then you stop,
A small, white blossom on an onion top.

Chi did not wait for further suggestion from any one, but called out:

"Throw cash."

The boys all ran to an adjoining wall, each took a cash from his purse or pocket, and pressing it against the wall, let it drop. The one whose cash rolled farthest away took it up and threw it against the wall in such a way as to make it bound back as far as possible.

Each did this in turn. The one whose cash bounded farthest, then took it up, and with his foot on the place whence he had taken it, he pitched or threw it in turn at each of the others. Those he hit he took up. When he missed one, all who remained took up their cash and struck the wall again, going through the same process as before. The one who wins is the one who takes up most cash.

This seemed to call to mind another pitching game, for Chi said once more in his old military way:

"Pitch brickbats."

The boys drew two lines fifteen feet apart. Each took a piece of brick, and, standing on one line pitched to see who could come nearest to the other.

The one farthest from the line set up his brick on the line and the one nearest, standing on the opposite line, pitched at it, the object being to knock it over.

If he failed he set up his brick and the other pitched at it.

If he succeeded, he next pitched it near the other, hopped over and kicked his brick against that of his companion, knocking it over. Then he carried it successively on his head, on each shoulder, on back and breast (walking), in

the bend of his thigh and the bend of his knee (hopping), and between his legs (shuffling), each time dropping it on the other brick and knocking it over.

Finally he marked a square enclosing the brick, eighteen inches each side, and hopped back and forth over both square and brick ten times which constituted him winner of the game.

Chi had become so expert in pitching and dropping the brick as to be able to play the game without an error. The shuffling and hopping often caused much merriment.

"What is that game," we inquired of Chi, "the boys on the street play with two marbles?"

Without directly answering my question Chi turned to the boys and said:

"Kick the marbles."

The boys soon produced from somewhere,—Chinese boys

can always produce anything from anywhere,—two marbles an inch and a half in diameter. Chi put one on the ground, and with the toe of his shoe upon it, gave it a shove. Then placing the other, he shoved it in the same way, the object being to hit the first.

There are two ways in which one may win. The first boy says to the second, kick this marble north (south, east or west) of the other at one kick. If he succeeds he wins, if he fails the other wins.

If he puts it north as ordered, he may kick again to hit the other ball, in which case he wins again. If he hits the ball and goes north, as ordered, at one kick, he wins double.

Each boy tries to leave the balls in as difficult a position

as possible for his successor; and here comes in a peculiarity which leaves this game unique among the games of the world. If the position in which the balls are left is too difficult for the other to play he may refuse to kick and the first is compelled to play his own difficult game—or like Haman—to hang on his own gallows. It recognizes the Chinese golden rule of not doing to others what you would not have them do to you.

The boys spent a long time playing this game—indeed they seemed to forget they were playing for us, and we were finally compelled to call them off.

Chi had turned the marbles over to the others as soon as he had fairly started it, and stood in that peculiar fashion of his with one leg wound around the other, and when we called to them, he simply said as though it were the next part of the same game:

"Kick the shoes."

The boys all took off their shoes—an easy matter for an Oriental—and piled them in a heap. At a given sign they all kicked the pile scattering the shoes in every direction, and each snatched up, and, for the time, kept what he got. Those who were very agile got their own shoes, or a pair which would fit them, while those who were slow only secured a single shoe, and that either too large or too small. It was amusing to see a large-footed boy with a small shoe, and a boy with small feet having a shoe or shoes much too large for him.

The game was a good test of the boys' agility.

On consulting our watch we found it would soon be time for the boys to enter school, but asked them to play one more game.

"Cat catching mice," said Chi.

The children selected one of their company to represent the cat and another the mouse.

The remainder formed a ring with the mouse inside and the cat outside, and while the ring revolved, the following conversation took place:

"What o'clock is it?"
"Just struck nine."
"Is the mouse at home?"
"He's about to dine."

All the time the mouse was careful to keep as far as possible from the cat.

The ring stopped revolving and the cat popped in at this side and the mouse out at the other. It is one of the rules of the game that the cat must follow exactly in the footsteps of the mouse. They wound in and out of the ring for some time but at last the mouse was caught and "eaten," the eating process being the amusing part of the game. It is impossible to describe it as every "cat" does it differently, and one of the virtues of a cat is to be a good eater.

The boys continued to play until the bell rang for the evening session. They referred to many different games which they had received from Europeans, but played only those which Chi had learned upon the street before he entered school. This was repeated day after day, until we had gathered a large collection of their most common, and consequently their best, games, the number of which was an indication of the richness of the play life of Chinese boys.

Another peculiarly interesting fact was the leadership of Chi. The Chinese boy, like the Chinese man is a genuine democrat and is ready to follow the one who knows what he is about and is competent to take the lead, with little regard to social position. It is the civil service idea of a genuine democracy ingrained in childhood.

READY FOR COMPANY.

"HOW DO YOU LIKE OUR NEW DRESSES?"

GAMES PLAYED BY GIRLS

AFTER having made the collection of boys' games we undertook to obtain in a similar way, fullest information concerning games played by the girls. Of course, it was impossible to do it alone, for the appearance of a man among a crowd of little girls in China is similar to that of a hawk among a flock of small chicks—it results in a tittering and scattering in every direction, or a gathering together in a flock under the shelter of the school roof or the wings of the teacher. One of the teachers, however, Miss Effie Young, kindly consented to go with us, and a goodly number of the small girls, after a less than usual amount of tittering and whispering, gathered about us to see what was wanted. The smallest among them was the most brave, and Miss Young explained that this was a "little street

waif" who had been taken into the school because she had neither home nor friends, with the hope that something might be done to save her from an unhappy fate.

"Do you know any games?" we asked her.

She put her hands behind her, hung her head, shuffled in an embarrassed manner, and answered: "Lots of them."

"Play some for me."

This small girl after some delay took control of the party and began arranging them for a game, which she called "going to town," similar to one which the boys called "pounding rice." Two of the girls stood back to back, hooked their arms, and as one bent forward she raised the other from the ground, and thus alternating, they sang:

Up you go, down you see,
Here's a turnip for you and me;
Here's a pitcher, we'll go to town;
Oh, what a pity, we've fallen down.

At which point they both sat down back to back, their

arms still locked, and asked and answered the following questions:

What do you see in the heavens bright?
I see the moon and the stars at night.
What do you see in the earth, pray tell?
I see in the earth a deep, deep well.
What do you see in the well, my dear?
I see a frog and his voice I hear.
What is he saying there on the rock?
Get up, get up, ke'rh kua, ke'rh kua.

They then tried to get up, but, with their arms locked, they found it impossible to do so, and rolled over and got up with great hilarity.

This seemed to suggest to our little friend another game, which she called "turning the mill." The girls took hold

of each other's hands, just as the boys do in "churning butter," but instead of turning around under their arms they turn half way, put one arm up over their head, bringing their right or left sides together, one facing one direction and one the other ; then, standing still, the following dialogue took place:

Where has the big dog gone?
Gone to the city.
Where has the little dog gone?
Run away.

Then, as they began to turn, they repeated:

The big dog's gone to the city;
The little dog's run away;
The egg has fallen and broken,
And the oil's leaked out, they say.
But you be a roller
And hull with power,
And I'll be a millstone
And grind the flour.

As soon as this game was finished our little friend arranged the children against the wall for another game. Everything was in readiness. They were about to begin, when one of the larger girls whispered something in her ear. She stepped back, put her hands behind her, hung her head and thought a moment.

"Go on," we said.

"No, we can't play that; there is too much bad talk in it."

This is one of the unfortunate features of Chinese chil-

dren's games and rhymes. There is an immense amount of bad talk in them.

She at once called out:

"Meat or vegetables."

Each girl began to scurry around to find a pair of old shoes, which may be picked up almost anywhere in China, and putting one crosswise of the other, they let them fall. The way they fell indicated what kind of meat or vegetables they were. If they both fell upside down they were *the big black tiger*. If both fell on the side they were *double beans*. If one fell right side up and the other on its side they were *beans*. If both were right side up they were *honest* officials. (What kind of meat or vegetables honest officials are it is difficult to say, but that never troubles the Chinese child.) If one is right side and the other wrong side up they are *dogs' legs*. If the toe of one rests on the top of the other, both right side up and at right angles, they form a *dark hole* or *an alley*.

The child whose shoes first form an alley must throw a pebble through this alley—that is, under the toe of the shoe—three times, or, failing to do so, one of the number takes up the shoes, and standing on a line, throws them all back over her head. Then she hops to each successively, kicking it back over the line, each time crossing the line herself, until all are over. In case she fails another tries it in the same way, and so on, till some one succeeds. This one then takes the two shoes of the one who got the *alley*, and, hanging them successively on her toe, kicks them as far as possible. The possessor of the shoes, starting from the line, hops to

each, picks it up and hops back over the line with it, which ends the game. It is a vigorous hopping game for little girls.

The girls were pretty well exhausted when this game was over and we asked them to play something which required less exercise.

"Water the flowers," said the small leader.

Several of them squatted down in a circle, put their hands together in the centre to represent the flowers. One of their number gathered up the front of her garment in such a way as to make a bag, and went around as if sprinkling water on their heads, at the same time repeating:

"I water the flowers, I water the flowers,
I water them morning and evening hours,
I never wait till the flowers are dry,
I water them ere the sun is high."

She then left a servant in charge of them while she went to dinner. While she was away one of them was stolen.

Returning she asked: "How is this that one of my flowers is gone?"

"A man came from the south on horseback and stole one before I knew it. I followed him but how could I catch a man on horseback?"

After many rebukes for her carelessness, she again sang:

"A basin of water, a basin of tea,
I water the flowers, they're op'ning you see."

Again she cautioned the servant about losing any of the flowers while she went to take her afternoon meal, but another flower was stolen and this time by a man from the west.

When the mistress returned, she again scolded the servant, after which she sang:

"A basin of water, another beside,
I water the flowers, they're opening wide."

This was continued until all the flowers were gone. One had been taken by a carter, another by a donkey-driver, another by a muleteer, another by a man on a camel, and finally the last little sprig was eaten by a chicken. The servant was soundly berated each time and cautioned to be more careful, which she always promised but never performed, and was finally dismissed in disgrace without either a recommendation, or the wages she had been promised when hired.

The game furnishes large opportunity for invention on

the part of the servant, depending upon the number of those to be stolen. This little girl seemed to be at her wit's end when she gave as the excuse for the loss of the last one that it had been eaten by a chicken.

This game suggested to our little friend another which proved to be the sequel to the one just described, and she called out:

"The flower-seller."

The girl who had just been dismissed appeared from behind the corner of the house with all the stolen "flowers," each holding to the other's skirts. At the same time she was calling out:

"Flowers for sale,
Flowers for sale,
Come buy my flowers
Before they get stale."

The original owner hereupon appeared and called to her:

"Hey! come here, flower-girl, those flowers look like mine," and she took one away.

The flower-seller did not stop to argue the question but hurried off crying:

"Flowers for sale," etc.

The original owner again called to her:

"Ho! flower-seller, come here, those flowers are certainly mine," whereupon she took them all and whipped the flower-seller who ran away crying.

As the little flower-seller ran away crying in her sleeve, she stumbled over an old flower-pot that lay in the school court. This accident seemed to act as a reminder to our little leader for she called out,

"Flower-pot."

The girls divided themselves into companies of three and stood in the form of a triangle, each with her left hand holding the right hand of the other, their hands being crossed in the centre.

Then by putting the arms of two back of the head of the third she was brought into the centre (steps into the well), and by stepping over two other arms, she goes out on the opposite side, so that whereas she was on the left side of this and the right side of that one, she now stands on the right side of this and the left side of that girl. In the same way

the second and third girls go through, and so on as long as they wish to keep up the game, saying or singing the following rhyme:

> You first cross over, and then cross back,
> And step in the well as you cross the track,
> And then there is something else you do,
> Oh, yes, you make a flower-pot too.

By this time the girls had lost most of their strangeness or embarrassment and continued the flower-pot until we were compelled to remind them that they were playing for us. Everybody let go hands and the little general called out,

"The cow's tail."

One girl with a small stick in her hand squatted down

pretending to be digging and the others took a position one behind the other similar to the hawk catching the chicks. They walked up to the girl digging and engaged in the following conversation:

"What are you digging?"
"Digging a hole."
"What is it for?"
"My pot for to boil."
"What will you heat?"
"Some water and broth."
"How use the water?"
"I'll wash some cloth."
"What will you make?"
"I'll make a bag."
"And what put in it?"
"A knife and a rag."
"What is the knife for?"
"To kill your lambs."
"What have they done?"
"They've eaten my yams."
"How high were they?"
"About so high."
"Oh, that isn't high."
"As high as the sky."

"What is your name?"
"My name is Grab, what is your name?"
"My name is Turn."
"Turn once for me."

They all walked around in a circle and as they turned they sang:

"We turn about once,
Or twice I declare,
And she may grab,
But we don't care."

"Can't you grab once for us?"
"Yes, but what I grab I keep."

She then ran to "grab" one of the "lambs" but they kept behind the front girl just as the boys did in the hawk catching the chicks. After awhile however, they were all caught.

Why this game is called "cow's tail" and the girls called "lambs," we do not know. We asked the girls why and their answer was, "There is no reason."

The girls were panting with the running before they were all caught and we suggested that they rest awhile, but instead the little leader called out:

"Let out the doves."

One of the larger girls took hold of the hands of two of the smaller, one of whom represented a dove and the other a hawk. The hawk stood behind her and the dove in front.

She threw the dove away as she might pitch a bird into the air, and as the child ran it waved its arms as though they were wings. She threw the hawk in the same way, and it followed the dove.

She then clapped her hands as the Chinese do to bring

their pet birds to them, and the dove if not caught, returned to the cage. This is a very pretty game for little children.

By this time the girls were all rested and our little friend said:

"Seek for gold."

Three or four of the girls gathered up some pebbles, squatted down in a group and scattered them as they would a lot of jackstones. Then one drew her finger between two of the stones and snapped one against the other. If she hit it the two were taken up and put aside.

She then drew her finger between two more and snapped them.

If she missed, another girl took up what were left, scattered them, snapped them, took them up, and so on until one or another got the most of the pebbles and thus won the game.

Our little friend was reminded of another and she called out:

"The cow's eye."

Immediately the girls all sat down in a ring and put their feet together in the centre. Then one of their number repeated the following rhyme, tapping a foot with each accented syllable.

One, two, three, and an old cow's eye,
When a cow's eye's blind she'll surely die.
A piece of skin and a melon too,
If you have money I'll sell to you,
But if you're without,
I'll put you out.

The foot on which her finger happened to rest when she said "out" was excluded from the ring. Again she repeated the rhyme excluding a foot with each repetition till all but one were out.

Up to this point all the children were in a nervous quiver waiting to see which foot would be left, but now the fun began, for they took the shoe off and every one slapped that unfortunate foot. This was done with good-natured vigor but without intention to hurt. It was amusing to see the children squirm as they neared the end of the game.

This game finished, the little girl called out:

"Pat your hands and knees."

The girls sat down in pairs and, after the style of "Bean Porridge Hot," clapped hands to the following rhyme:

GAMES PLAYED BY GIRLS

Pat your hands and knees,
On January first,
The old lady likes to go a sightseeing most.
Pat your hands and knees,
On February second,
The old lady likes a piece of candy it is reckoned.
Pat your hands and knees,
On March the third,
The old lady likes a Canton pipe I have heard.
Pat your hands and knees,
On April fourth,
The old lady likes bony fish from the north.
Pat your hands and knees,
The fifth of May,
The old lady likes sweet potatoes every day.
Pat your hands and knees,
The sixth of June,
The old lady eats fat pork with a spoon.
Pat your hands and knees,
The seventh of July,
The old lady likes to eat a fat chicken pie.
Pat your hands and knees,
On August eight,
The old lady likes to see the lotus flowers straight.
Pat your hands and knees,
September nine,
The old lady likes to drink good hot wine.
Pat your hands and knees,
October ten,
The old lady, you and I, may meet I hope again.

This we afterwards discovered is very widely known throughout the north of China.

The foregoing are a few of the games played by the children in Peking. In that one city we have collected more than seventy-five different games, and have no reason to believe we have secured even a small proportion of what are played there. Games played in Central and South China are different, partly because of climatic conditions, partly because of the character of the people. There, as here, the games of children are but reproductions of the employments of their parents. They play at farming, carpentry, housekeeping, storekeeping, or whatever employments their parents happen to be engaged in. Indeed, in addition to the games common to a larger part of the country, there are many which are local, and depend upon the employment of the parents or the people.

BOYS AND GIRLS, WE TAKE FOR GRANTED,
WILL BE FOUND IN EVERY HOME.

COUNTING THE GOLD FISH.

THE TOYS CHILDREN PLAY WITH

One day while sitting at table, with our little girl, nineteen months old, on her mother's knee near by, we picked up her rubber doll and began to whip it violently. The child first looked frightened, then severe, then burst into tears and plead with her mother not to "let papa whip dolly."

Few people realize how much toys become a part of the life of the children who play with them. They are often looked upon as nothing more than "playthings for children." This is a very narrow view of their uses and relationships. There is a philosophy underlying the production of toys as old as the world and as broad as life, a philosophy which, until recent years, has been little studied and cultivated.

Playthings are as necessary a constituent of human life as

food or medicine, and contribute in a like manner to the health and development of the race. Like the science of cooking and healing, the business of toy-making has been driven by the stern teacher, necessity, to a rapid self-development for the general good of the little men and women in whose interests they are made.

They are the tools with which children ply their trades; the instruments with which they carry on their professions; the goods which they buy and sell in their business, and the paraphernalia with which they conduct their toy society. They are more than this. They are the animals which serve them, the associates who entertain them, the children who comfort them and bring joy to the mimic home.

Toys are nature's first teachers. The child with his little shovels, spades and hoes, learns his first lessons in agriculture; with his hammer and nails, he gets his first lessons in the various trades; and the bias of the life of many a child of larger growth has come from the toys with which he played. Into his flower garden the father of Linnæus introduced his son during his infancy, and "this little garden undoubtedly created that taste in the child which afterwards made him the first botanist and naturalist of his age, if not of his race."

No experiments in any chemical laboratory will excite more wonder or be carried on with more interest, than those which the boy performs with his pipe and basin of soapy water. The little girl's mud pies and other sham confectionery furnish her first lessons in the art of preparing food. Her toy dinners and playhouse teas offer her the first ex-

periences in the entertainment of guests. With her dolls, she takes her first lessons in the domestic relations and affections.

No science has ever originated and been carried to any degree of perfection in Asia. There is no reason why this statement should cause the noses of Europeans and Americans to twitch in derision and pride, for there is another fact equally momentous in favor of the Asiatics,—viz., no religion that originated outside of Asia has ever been carried to any degree of perfection.

The above facts will indicate that we need not hope to find the business of toy-making, or the science of child-education in a very advanced state in China—the most Asiatic country of Asia. Child's play and toy-making have been organized into a business and a science in Europe, as astronomy, which had been studied so long in Asia, was developed into a science by the Greeks. And so we find that what is taught in the kindergarten of the West is learned in the streets of the East; and the toys which are manufactured in great Occidental business establishments, are made by poor women in Oriental homes, and the same mistakes are made by the one as by the other.

The same whistle by which the cock crows, enables the

dog to bark, the baby to cry, the horse to neigh, the sheep to bleat and the cow to low, just as in our own rubber goods. The same end is accomplished in the one case as in the other. The two, three or twenty cash doll does for the Chinese girl what the two, three or twenty dollar one does for her antipodal sister,—develops the instinct of motherhood, besides standing a greater amount of rough handling. Nevertheless it usually comes to the same deplorable end, departing this world, bereft of its arms and legs, without going through the tedious process of a surgical operation.

Chinese toys are less varied, less complicated, less true to the original, and less expensive than those of the West,—more perhaps like the toys of a century or two ago. Never-

theless they are toys, and in the hands of boys and girls, the drum goes "rub-a-dub," the horn "toots," and the whistle squeaks. The "gingham dog and calico cat," besides a score of other animals more nearly related to the soil of their native place—being made of clay—express themselves in the language of the particular whistle which happens to have been placed within them. All this is to the entire satisfaction of "little Miss Muffet" and "little boy Blue," just as they do in other lands.

When the children grow older they have tops to spin that whistle as good a whistle, and buzzers to buzz that buzz as good a buzz, and music balls to roll, and music carts to pull, that emit sounds as much to their satisfaction, as anything that ministered to the childish tastes of our grandfathers; and these become as much a part of their business and their life as if they were living, talking beings. Furthermore, their dolls are as much their children as they themselves are the offspring of their parents.

Chinese toys embrace only those which involve no intricate scientific principles. The music boxes of the West are unknown in China except as they are imported. The Chinese know nothing about dolls which open and shut their eyes, simple as this principle is, nor of toys which are self-propelling by some mysterious spring secreted within, because, forsooth, they know nothing about making the spring.

There are some principles, however, which, though they may not understand, they are nevertheless able to utilize; such, for instance, as the expansion of air by heat, and the

creation of air currents. This principle is utilized in lanterns. In the top of these is a paper wheel attached to a cross-bar on the ends of which are suspended paper men and women together with animals of all kinds making a very interesting merry-go-round. These lantern-figures correspond to the sawyers, borers, blacksmiths, washers and others which twenty or more years ago were on top of the stove of every corner grocery or country post-office.

When we began the study of Chinese toys our first move was to call in a Chinese friend whom we thought we could trust, and who could buy toys at a very reasonable rate, and sent him out to purchase specimens of every variety of toys he could find in the city of Peking. We ordered him the first day to buy nothing but rattles, because the rattle is the first toy that attracts the attention of the child.

In the evening Mr. Hsin returned with a good-sized basket full of rattles. Some were tin in the form of small cylinders, with handles in which were small pebbles: others were shaped like pails; and others like cooking pots and pans.

Some of the most attractive were hollow wood balls, baskets, pails and bottles, gorgeously painted, with long handles, necks, or bails. The paint was soon transferred from the face of the toy to that of the first child that happened to play with it, which child was of course, our own little girl.

The most common rattles representing various kinds of fowls and animals known and unknown are made of clay. Others are in the form of fat little priests that make one

think of Santa Claus, or little roly-poly children that look like the little folks who play with them.

As the child grows larger the favorite rattle is a drum-shaped piece of bamboo or other wood, with skin—not infrequently fish skin, stretched over the two ends, and a long handle attached. On the sides are two stout strings with beads on the ends, which, when the rattle is turned in the hand, strike on the drum heads. These rattles of brass or tin as well as bamboo, are in imitation of those carried by street hawkers.

We said to Mr. Hsin, "Foreigners say the Chinese do not have dolls, how is that?"

"They have lots of them," he answered in the stereotyped way.

"Then to-morrow buy samples of all the dolls you can find."

"All?" he asked with some surprise.

"Yes, all. We want to know just what kind of dolls they have."

The next evening Mr. Hsin came in with an immense load of dolls. He had large, small, and middle sized rag dolls, on which the nose was sewed, the ears pasted, and the eyes and other features painted. They were rude, but as interesting to children as other more natural and more expensive ones, as we discovered by giving one of them to our little girl. In not a few instances Western children have become much more firmly attached to their Chinese cloth dolls than any that can be found for them in America or Europe.

He had a number of others both large and small with *papier maché* heads, leather bodies, and clay arms and legs. The body was like a bellows in which a reed whistle was placed, that enabled the baby to cry in the same tone as the toy dog barks or the cock crows. They had "real hair" in spots on their head similar to those on the child, and they were dressed in the same kind of clothing as that used on the baby in summer-time, viz., a chest-protector and a pair of shoes or trousers.

Mr. Hsin then took out a small package in which was wrapped a half-dozen or more "little people," as they are called, by the Chinese, with paper heads, hands and feet, exquisitely painted, and their clothing of the finest silk. Attached to the head of each was a silk string by which the "little people" are hung upon the wall as a decoration.

"But what are these, Mr. Hsin?" we asked. "These are not dolls."

"No," he answered, "these are cloth animals. The

children play with these at the same time they play with dolls."

He had gone beyond our instructions. He had brought us a large collection of camels made of cloth the color of the camel's skin, with little bunches of hair on the head, neck, hump and the joints of the legs, similar to those on the camel when it is shedding its coat in the springtime. He had elephants made of a grayish kind of cloth on which were harnesses similar to those supposed to be necessary for those animals. He had bears with bits of hair on neck and tail and a leading string in the nose; horses painted with spots of white and red, matched only by the most remarkable animals in a circus; monkeys with black beads for eyes, and long tails; lions, tigers, and leopards, with large, savage, black, glass eyes, with manes or tails suited to each, and properly crooked by a wire extending to the tip. And finally he laid the bogi-boo, a nondescript with a head on each end much like the head of a lion or tiger. When not used as a plaything, this served the purpose of a pillow.

"Do the Chinese have no other kinds of toy animals?" we inquired.

"Yes," he answered, "I'll bring them to-morrow."

The following evening he brought us a collection of clay

toys too extensive to enumerate. There were horses, cows, camels, mules, deer, and a host of others the original of which has never been found except in the imagination of the people. He had women riding donkeys followed by drivers, men riding horses and shooting or throwing a spear at a fleeing tiger, and

women with babies in their arms while grandmother amused them with rattles, and father lay near by smoking an opium pipe.

From the bottom of his basket he brought forth a number of small packages.

"What are in those?"

"These are clay insects."

They were among the best clay work we have seen in China. There were tumble-bugs, grasshoppers, large

beetles, mantis, praying mantis, toads and scorpions, together with others never seen outside of China, and some never seen at all, the legs and feelers all being made of wire.

In another package he had a dozen dancing dolls. They were made of clay, were an inch and a half long, dressed with paper, and had small wires protruding the sixteenth of an inch below the bottom of the skirt. He put them all on a brass tray, the edge of which he struck with a small stick to make it vibrate, thus causing the dancers to turn round and round in every direction.

The next package contained a number of clay beggars. Two were fighting, one about to smash his clay pot over the other's head: another had his pot on his head for a lark, a third was eating from his, while others were carrying theirs in their hand. One had a sore leg to which he called attention with open mouth and pain expressed in every feature.

From another package he brought out a number of jumping jacks, imitations as it seemed of things Japanese. There were monkey acrobats made of clay, wire and skin, fastened to a small slip of bamboo. A doll fastened to a stick, with cymbals in its hands would clash the cymbals, when its queue was pulled. Finally there was a large dragon which satisfied its raging appetite by feeding upon

two or three little clay men specially prepared for his consumption.

But, perhaps, among the most interesting of his toys were his clay whistles. Some of these burnt or sun-dried toys were hollow and in the shape of birds, beasts and insects. When blown into, they would emit the shrillest kind of a whistle. In others a reed whistle had been placed similar to those in the dolls, and these usually had a bellows to blow them. Whether cock or hen, dog or child, they all crowed, barked, cackled, or cried in the self-same tone.

"What will you get to-morrow?"

"Drums, knives, and tops," said Mr. Hsin. He was being paid by the day for spending our money, and so had his plans well laid.

The following evening he brought a large collection of toy drums, some of which were in the shape of a barrel, both in their length and in being bulged out at the middle. On the ends were painted gay pictures of men and women clad

in battle array or festive garments, making the drum a work of art as well as an instrument of torture to those who are disturbed by noises about the house.

He had large knives covered with bright paint which could easily be washed off, and tridents, with loose plates or cymbals, which make a noise to frighten the enemy.

The tops Mr. Hsin had collected were by far the most interesting. Chinese tops are second to none made. They are simple, being made of bamboo, are spun with a string, and when properly operated emit a shrill whistle.

The ice top, without a stem, and simply a block of wood in shape of a top, is spun with a string, but is kept going by whipping.

Another toy which foreigners call a top is entirely different from anything we see in the West. The Chinese call it a *K'ung chung*, while the top is called *t'o lo*. It is constructed of two pieces of bamboo, each of which is made like a top, and then joined by a carefully turned axle, each end being of equal weight, and looking not unlike the wheels of a cart. It is then spun by a string, which is

wound once around the axle and attached to two sticks. A good performer is able to spin it in a great variety of ways, tossing it under and over his foot, spinning it with the sticks behind him, and at times throwing it up into the air twenty or thirty feet and catching it as it comes down. The principle upon which it is operated is the quick jerking of one of the sticks while the other is allowed to be loose.

"To-morrow," said Mr. Hsin, as he ceased spinning the top, "I will get you some toy carts."

The Chinese cart has been described as a Saratoga trunk on two wheels. This is, however, only one form—that of the passenger cart. There are many others, and all of them are used as patterns of toy carts. They all have a kind of music-box attachment, operated by the turning of the axle to which the wheels of the toys, as well as those of some of the real carts, are fixed.

The toy carts are made of tin, wood and clay. Some of them are very simple, having paper covers, while others possess the whole paraphernalia of the street carts. When the mule of the toy cart is unhitched and unharnessed, he looks like a very respectable mule. Nevertheless, instead of devouring food, he becomes the prey of insects. Usually he appears the second season, if he lasts that long, bereft of mane and tail, as well as a large portion of his skin.

The flat carts have a revolving peg sticking up through the centre, on which a small clay image is placed which turns with the stick. Others are placed on wires on the two sides, to represent the driver and the passengers.

These in Peking are the omnibus carts. Running from the

east gate of the Imperial city to the front gate, and in other parts of the city as well, there are street carts corresponding to the omnibus or street cars of the West. These start at intervals of ten minutes, more or less, with eight or ten persons on a cart, the fare being only a few cash. Toy carts of this kind have six or eight clay images to represent the passengers.

Mr. Hsin brought out from the bottom of his basket a number of neatly made little pug dogs, and pressing upon a bellows in their body caused them to bark, just as the hen cackled a few days before.

What we have described formed only a small portion of the toys Mr. Hsin brought. Cheap clay toys of all kinds are hawked about the street by a man who sells them at a fifth or a tenth of a cent apiece. With him is often found

a candy-blower, who with a reed and a bowl of taffy-candy is ready to blow a man, a chicken, a horse and cart, a corn ear, or anything else the child wants, as a glass-blower would blow a bottle or a lamp chimney. The child plays with his prize until he tires of it and then he eats it.

A HAPPY FAMILY.

"HOW OLD IS MY BABY?"

BLOCK GAMES—KINDERGARTEN

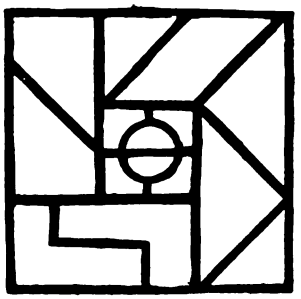
It was on a bright spring afternoon that a Chinese official and his little boy called at our home on Filial Piety Lane, in Peking.

The dresses of father and child were exactly alike—as though they had been twins, boots of black velvet or satin, blue silk trousers, a long blue silk garment, a waistcoat of blue brocade, and a black satin skullcap—the child was in every respect, even to the dignity of his bearing, a vest-pocket edition of his father.

He had a T'ao of books which I recognized as the *Fifteen Magic Blocks*, one of the most ingenious, if not the most remarkable, books I have ever seen.

A T'ao is two or any number of volumes of a book wrapped in a single cover. In this case it was two volumes.

THE CHINESE BOY AND GIRL



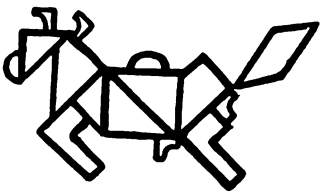
In the inside of the cover there was a depression three inches square in which was kept a piece of lead, wood or pasteboard, divided into fifteen pieces as in the following illustration.

These blocks are all in pairs except one, which is a rhomboid. They are all exactly proportional, having their sides either half-inch, inch, inch and a half, or two inches in length.

They are not used as are the blocks in our kindergarten simply to make geometrical figures, but rather to illustrate such facts of history as will have a moral influence, or be an intellectual stimulus to the child.

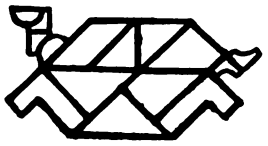
He may build houses with them, or make such ancient or modern ornaments, or household utensils, as may suit his fancy; but the primary object of the blocks and the books, is to impress upon the child's mind, in the most forcible way possible, the leading facts of history, poetry, mythology or morals; while the houses, boats and other things are simply side issues.

The first illustration the child constructed for me, for I desired him to teach me how it was done, was a dragon horse, and when I asked him to explain it, he said that it represented the animal seen by Fu Hsi, the original ancestor



of the Chinese people, emerging from the Meng river, bearing upon its back a map on which were fifty-five spots, representing the male and female principles of nature, and which the sage used to construct what are called the eight diagrams.

The child tossed the blocks off into a pile and then constructed a tortoise which he said was seen by Yü, the Chinese Noah, coming out of the Lo river, while he was draining off the floods. On its back was a design which he used as a pattern for the nine divisions of his empire.

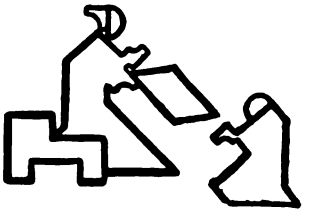


These two incidents are referred to by Confucius, and are among the first learned by every Chinese child.

I looked through the book and noticed that many of the designs were for the amusement of the children, as well as to develop their ingenuity. In the two volumes of the T'ao he had only the outlines of the pictures which he readily constructed with the blocks. But he had with him also a small volume which was a key to the designs having lines indicating how each block was placed. This he had purchased for a few cash. Much of the interest of the book, however, attached to the puzzling character of the pictures.

There was one with a verse attached somewhat like the following:

The old wife drew a chess-board
  On the cover of a book,
While the child transformed a needle
  Into a fishing-hook.

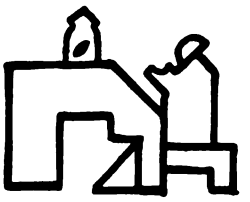


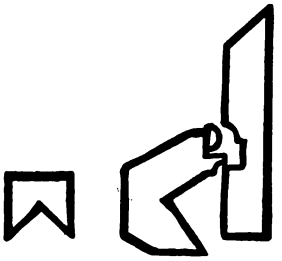
THE CHINESE BOY AND GIRL

Chinese literature is full of examples of men and women who applied themselves to their books with untiring diligence. Some tied their hair to the beam of their humble cottage so that when they nodded with sleepiness the jerk would awake them and they might return to their books.

Others slept upon globular pillows that when they became so restless as to move and cause the pillow to roll from under their head they might get up and study.

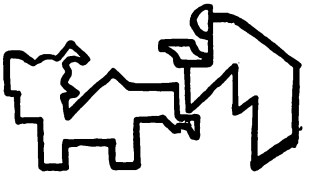
The child once more took the blocks and illustrated how one who was so poor as to be unable to furnish himself with candles, confined a fire-fly in a gauze lantern using that instead of a lamp. At the same time he explained that another who was perhaps not able to afford the gauze lantern, studied by the light of a glowworm.

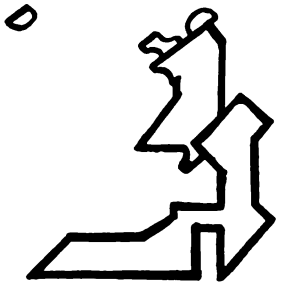




"K'ang Heng," said the child, as he put the blocks together in a new form, "had a still better way, as well as more economical. His house was built of clay, and as the window of his neighbor's house was immediately opposite, he chiseled a hole through his wall and thus took advantage of his neighbor's light.

"Sun K'ang's method was very good for winter," continued the child as he rearranged the blocks, "but I do not know





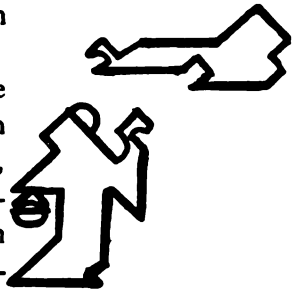
what he would do in summer. He studied by the light reflected from the snow.

"Perhaps," he went on as he changed the form, "he followed the example of another who studied by the pale light of the moon."

"What does that represent?" I asked him pointing to a child with a bowl in his hand who looked as if he might have been going to the grocer's.

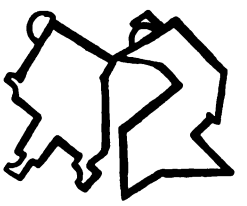
"Oh, that boy is going to buy wine."

The Chinese have never yet realized what a national evil liquor may become. They have little wine shops in the great cities, but they have no drinking houses corresponding to the saloon, and it is not uncommon to see a child going to the wine shop to fetch a bowl of wine. The Buddhist priest indulges with the same moderation as the official class or gentry. Indeed most of the drunkenness we read about in Chinese books is that of poets and philosophers, and in them it is, if not commended, at least not condemned. The attitude of literature towards them is much like that of Thackeray towards the gentlemen of his day.

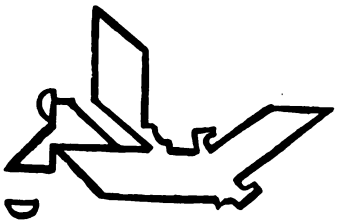


The child constructed the picture of a Buddhist priest, who, with staff in hand, and a mug of wine, was viewing the beautiful mountains in the distance. He then changed it to one in which an intox-

icated man was leaning on a boy's shoulder, the inscription to which said: "Any one is willing to assist a drunken man to return home."



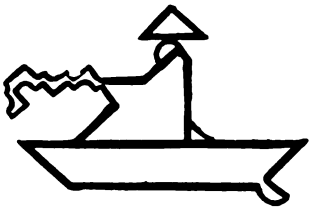
"This," he went on as he changed his blocks, "is a picture of Li Pei, China's greatest poet. He lived more than a thousand years ago. This represents the closing scene in his life. He was crossing the river in a boat, and in a drunken effort to get the moon's reflection from the water, he fell overboard and was drowned." The child pointed to the sail at the same time, repeating the following:



The sail being set,
He tried to get,
The moon from out the main.

I noticed a large number of boat scenes and induced the child to construct some of them for me, which he was quite willing to do, explaining them as he went as readily as our children would explain Old Mother Hubbard or the Old Woman who lived in her shoe, by seeing the illustrations.

Constructing one he repeated a verse somewhat like the following:

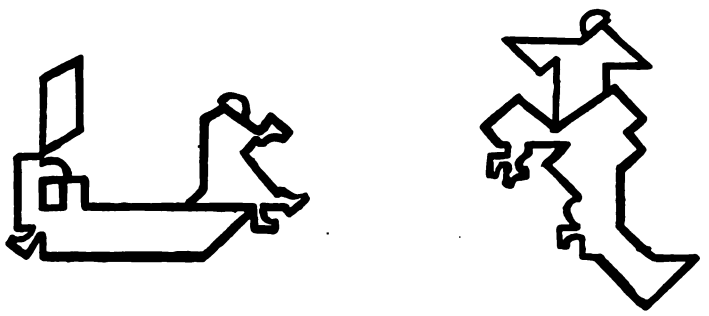


Alone the fisherman sat,
In his boat by the river's brink,
In the chill and cold and snow,
To fish, and fish, and think.

Then he turned over to two on opposite pages, and as he constructed them he repeated in turn:

In a stream ten thousand li in length
He bathes his feet at night,

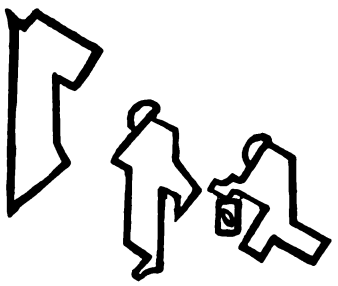
While on a mount he waves his arms,
Ten thousand feet in height.



The ten thousand li in one couplet corresponds to the ten thousand feet in the other, while the bathing of the feet corresponds to the waving of the arms. Couplets of this kind are always attractive to the Chinese child as well as to the scholar, and poems and essays are replete with such constructions.

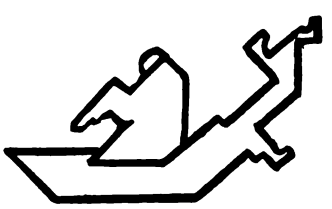
The child enjoyed making the pictures. I tried to make one, but found it very difficult. I was not familiar with the blocks. It is different now, I have learned how to make them. Then it seemed as if it would be impossible ever to do so. When I had failed to make the picture I turned them over to him. In a moment it was done.

"Who is it?" I asked.



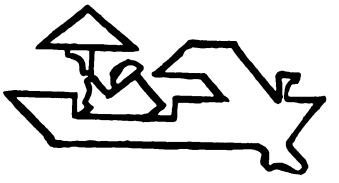
"Chang Ch'i, the poet," he answered. "Whenever he went for a walk he took with him a child who carried a bag in which to put the poems he happened to write. In this illustration he stands with his head bent forward and his hands behind his back lost in thought, while the lad stands near with the bag."

We have given in another chapter the story of the great traveller, Chang Ch'ien, and his search for the source of the Yellow River. In one of the illustrations the child represented him in his boat in a way not very different from that of the artist.



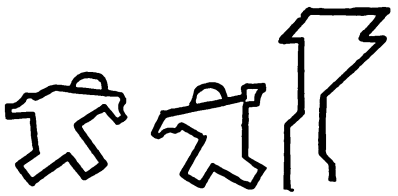
Another quotation from one of the poets was illustrated as follows:

Last night a meeting I arranged,
Ere I my lamp did light,
Nor while I crossed the ferry feared,
Or wind or rain or night.



The child's eyes sparkled as he turned to some of those illustrating children at play, and as he constructed one which

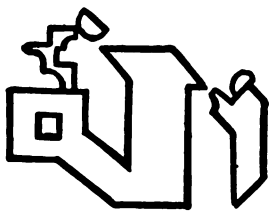
represents two children swinging their arms and running, he repeated:



See the children at their play,
Gathering flowers by the way.

"They are gathering pussy-willows," he added.

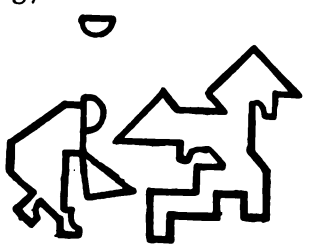
In another he represented a child standing before the front gate, where he had knocked in vain to gain admission. As he completed it he said, pointing to the apricot over the door:



Ten times he knocked upon the gate,
But nine, they opened not,
Above the wall he plainly saw,
A ripe, red apricot.

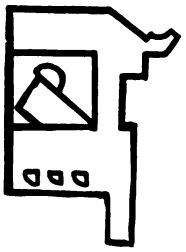
He continued to represent quotations from the poets and explain them as he went along.

There was one which indicated that some one was ascending the steps to the jade platform on which the dust had settled as it does on everything in Peking; at the same time the verse told us that



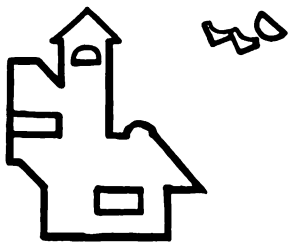
Step by step we reach the platform,
All of jade of purest green,
Call a child to come and sweep it,
But he cannot sweep it clean.

"You know," he went on, "the cottages of many of the poets were near the beautiful lakes in central China, in the wild heights of the mountains, or upon the banks of some flowing stream. In this one the pavilion of the poet is on the bank of the river, and we are told that,



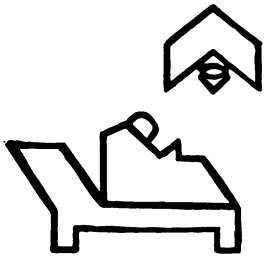
"In his cottage sat the poet,
Thinking, as the moon went by,
That the moonlight on the water,
Made the water like the sky."

Changing it somewhat he made a cottage of a different kind. This was not made for the picture's sake, but to illustrate a sentence it was designed to impress upon the child's mind. The quotation is somewhat as follows:



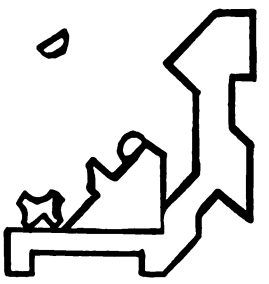
The ringing of the evening bells,
The moon a crescent splendid,
The rustling of the swallow's wings
Betoken winter ended.

The child looked up at me significantly as he turned to one which represented a Buddhist priest. I expected something of a joke at the priest's expense as in the nursery rhymes and games, but there was none. That would injure the sale of the book. The inscription told us that "a Buddhist



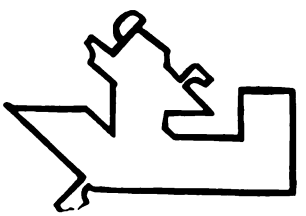
lantern will reflect light enough to illuminate the whole universe."

Turning to the next page we found a priest sitting in front of the temple in the act of beating his wooden drum, while the poet exclaims:



O crystal pool and silvery moon,
So clear and pure thou art,
There's nought to which thou wilt compare
Except a Buddha's heart.

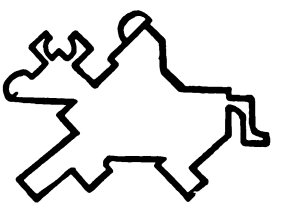
The child next directed our attention to various kinds of flowers, more especially the marigold. A man in a boat rows with one hand while he points backward to the blossoming marigold, while in another picture the poet tells us that,



Along the eastern wall,
We pluck the marigold,
While on the south horizon,
The mountain we behold.

"What is that?" I asked as he turned to a picture of an old man riding on a cow.

"That is Laotze the founder of Taoism, crossing the frontier at the Han Ku Pass between Shansi and Shensi, riding upon a cow. Nobody knows where he went."

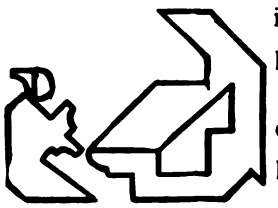


There were other pictures of

Taoist patriarchs keeping sheep. By their magic power they turned the sheep into stones when they were tired watching them, and again 'the inscriptions told us, "the stones became sheep at his call." Still others represented them in search of the elixir of life, while in others they were riding on a snail.

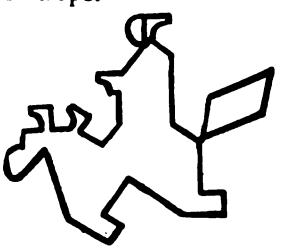
The object of thus bringing in incidents from all these Buddhist, Taoist, Confucian, and other sources is that by catering to all classes the book may have wide distribution, and whatever the Confucianist may say, it must be admitted that the other religions have a strong hold upon the popular mind.

The last twenty-six illustrations in Vol. I represent various incidents in the life, history and employments of women.



The first of these is an ancient empress "weaving at night by her palace window."

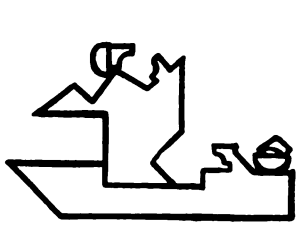
Another represents a woman in her boat and we are told that, "leaving her oar she leisurely sang a song entitled, 'Plucking the Caltrops.'"

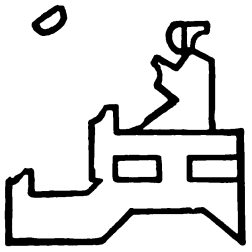


Another represents a woman "wearing a pomegranate-colored dress riding a pear-blossom colored horse." A peculiar combination to say the least.

The fisherman's wife is represented in her boat, "making her toilet at dawn using the water as a mirror." While we are assured also that the woman sitting upon her veranda

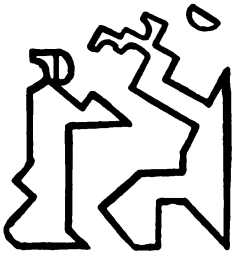
BLOCK GAMES–KINDERGARTEN



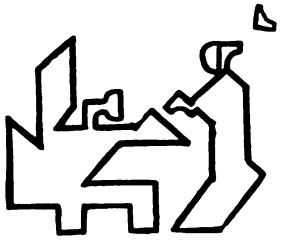


" finds it very difficult to thread her needle by the pale light of the moon," which fact, few, I think, would question.

In one of the pictures "a beautiful maiden, in the bright moonlight, came beneath the trees." This is evidently contrary to Chinese ideas of propriety, for the Classic for girls tells us that a maiden should not go out at night except in company with a servant bearing a lantern. As it was bright moonlight, however, let us hope she was excusable.



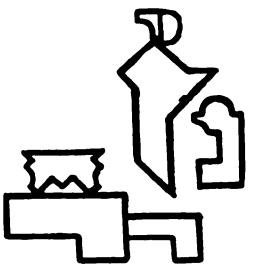
This sauntering about in the court is not uncommon if we believe what the books say, for in the next picture we are told that:



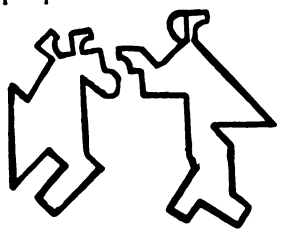
As near the middle summer-house,
The maiden sauntered by,
Upon the jade pin in her hair
There lit a dragon-fly.

The next illustration represented the wife of the famous poet Ssu-Ma Hsiang-Ju in her husband's wine shop.

THE CHINESE BOY AND GIRL

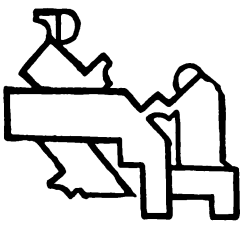


This poet fell in love with the widowed daughter of a wealthy merchant, the result of which was that the young couple eloped and were married; and as the daughter was disinherited by her irate parent, she was compelled to wait on customers in her husband's wine shop, which she did without complaint. In spite of their imprudent conduct, and for the time, its unhappy results, as soon as the poet had become so famous as to be summoned to court, the stern father relented, and, as it was a case of undoubted affection, which the Chinese readily appreciate, they have always had the sympathy of the whole Chinese people.



One of the most popular women in Chinese history is Mu Lan, the Chinese Joan of Arc. Her father, a great general, being too old to take charge of his troops, and her brothers too young, she dressed herself in boy's clothing, enrolled herself in the army, mounted her father's trusty steed, and led his soldiers to battle, thus bringing honor to herself and renown upon her family.

We have already seen how diligent some of the ancient worthies were in their study. This, however, is not universal, for we are told the mother of Liu Kung-cho, in order to stimulate her son to study took pills made of bear's



gall and bitter herbs, to show her sympathy with her boy and lead him to feel that she was willing to endure bitterness as well as he.

The last of these examples of noble women is that of the wife of Liang Hung, a poor philosopher of some two thousand years ago. An effort was made to engage him to Meng Kuang, the daughter of a rich family, whose lack of beauty was more than balanced by her remarkable intelligence. The old philosopher feared that family pride might cause domestic infelicity. The girl on her part steadfastly refused to marry any one else, declaring that unless she married Liang Hung, she would not marry at all. This unexpected constancy touched the old man's heart and he married her. She dressed in the most common clothing, always prepared his food with her own hand, and to show her affection and respect never presented him with the rice-bowl without raising it to the level of her eyebrows, as in the illustration.

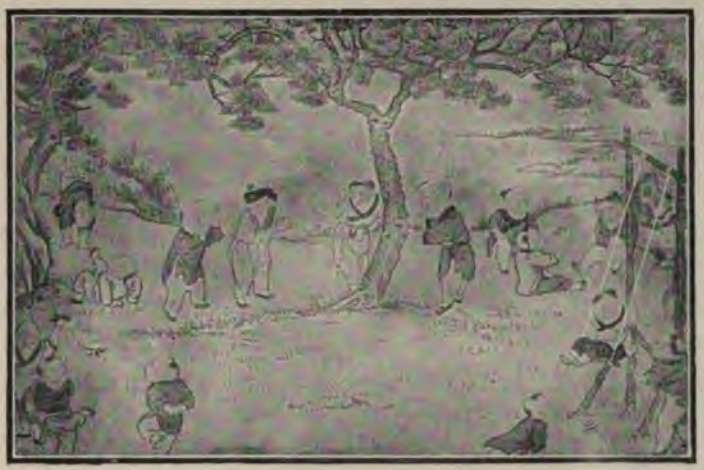
It may be interesting to see some of the ornaments and utensils the child made with his blocks. I shall therefore add three, a pair of scissors, a teapot, and a seal with a turtle handle.

Such is in general the character of the book the official's little boy had with him. I afterwards secured several copies for myself and learned to make all the pictures first shown

me by the child, and I discovered that it is but one of several forms of what we may call kindergarten work, that it has gone through many editions, and is very widely distributed. My own set contains 216 illustrations such as I have given.

BLIND MAN'S BUFF.

THE DRY-LAND-BOAT AND DONKEY SHOW.



CHILDREN'S SHOWS AND ENTERTAINMENTS

My little girl came running into my study greatly excited and exclaiming:

"Papa, the monkey show, the monkey show. We want the monkey show, may we have it?"

Now if you had but one little girl, and she wanted a monkey show to come into your own court and perform for her and her little friends for half an hour, the cost of which was the modest sum of five cents, what would you do?

You would do as I did, no doubt, go out with the little girl, call in the passing showman and allow him to perform, which would serve the triple purpose of furnishing relaxation and instruction for yourself, entertainment for the children, and business for the showman.

This however proved to be not the monkey show but Punch and Judy, a species of entertainment for children, the exact counterpart of our own entertainment of that name. It may be of interest to young readers to know how this show originated, and I doubt not it will be a surprise to some older ones to know that it dates back to about the year 1000 B. C.

We are told that while the Emperor Mu of the Chou dynasty was making a tour of his empire, a skillful mechanic, Yen Shih by name, was brought into his presence, and entertained him and the women of his seraglio with a dance performed by automaton figures, which were capable not only of rhythmical movements of their limbs, but of accompanying their movements with songs.

During and at the close of the performance, the puppets cast such significant glances at the ladies as to anger the monarch, and he ordered the execution of the originator of the play.

The mechanic however ripped open the puppets, and proved to his astonished majesty that they were only artificial objects, and instead of being executed he was allowed to repeat his performance. This was the origin of the play in China which corresponds to Punch and Judy in Europe and America.

To the question which naturally arises as to how the play was carried to the West, I reply, it may not have been carried to Europe at all, but have originated there. From marked similarities in the two plays however, and more especially in the methods of their production, we may suppose that the Chinese Punch and Judy was carried to Europe in the following way:

Among the many traders who visited Central Asia while it was under the government of the family of Genghis Khan, were two Venetian brothers, Maffeo and Nicolo Polo, whose wondering disposition and trading interests led them as far as the court of the Great Khan, where they remained in the most intimate relations with Kublai for some time, and were finally sent back to Italy with a request that one hundred European scholars be sent to China to instruct them in the arts of Europe.

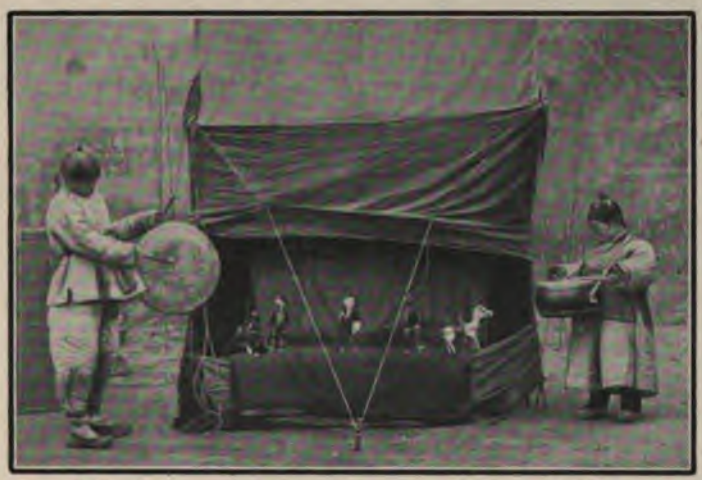
This request was never carried out, but the two returned to the Khan's court with young Marco, the son of one of them, who remained with the Mongol Emperor for seven-

teen years, during which time he had a better opportunity of observing their customs than perhaps any other foreigner since his time. His final return to Italy was in 1295, and a year or two later, he wrote and revised his book of travels.

The art of printing in Europe was discovered in 1438, and the first edition of Marco Polo's travels was printed about 1550–59. Our Punch and Judy was invented by Silvio Fiorillo an Italian dramatist before the year 1600. I have found no reference to the play in Marco Polo's works, nevertheless, one cannot but think that, if not a written, at least an oral, communication of the play may have been carried to Europe by him or some other of the Italian traders or travellers. The two plays are very similar, even to the tones of the man who works the puppets.

In passing the school court on one occasion I saw the students gathered in a crowd under the shade of the trees. A small tent was pitched, on the front of which was a little stage. A manager stood behind the screen from which position he worked a number of puppets in the form of men, women, children, horses and dragons. These were suspended by black threads as I afterwards discovered from small sticks or a framework which the manager manipulated behind the screen. When one finished its part of the performance, it either walked off the stage, or the stick was fastened in such a way as to leave it in a position conducive to the amusement of the crowd. These were puppet shows, and were put through entire performances or plays, the manager doing the talking as in Punch and Judy.

After the performance several of the students passed



around the hat, each person present giving one-fifth or one-tenth of a cent.

As I came from school one afternoon, the children had called in from the street a showman with a number of trained mice. He had erected a little scaffolding just inside the gateway, at one side of which there was a small rope ladder, and this with the inevitable gong, and the small boxes in which the mice were kept constituted his entire outfit.

In the boxes he had what seemed to be cotton from the milk-weed which furnished a nest for the mice. These he took from their little boxes one by one, stroked them tenderly, while he explained what this particular mouse would do, put each one on the rope ladder, which they ascended, and performed the tricks expected of them. These were going through a pagoda, drawing water, creeping through a tube, wearing a criminal's collar, turning a tread-

mill, or working some other equally simple trick.

At times the mice had to be directed by a small stick in the hands of the manager, but they were carefully trained, kindly treated, and much appreciated by the children.

Although less attractive, there is no other show which impresses itself so forcibly on the child's mind as the monkey, dog and sheep show.

The dog was the first to perform. Four hoops were placed on the corners of a square, ten feet apart. The dog walked around through these hoops, first through each in order, then turning went through each twice, then through one and retracing his steps went through the one last passed through.

The showman drove an iron peg in the ground on which were two blocks representing millstones. To the upper

one was a lever by which the dog with his nose turned the top millstone as if grinding flour. He was hitched to a wheelbarrow, the handles of which were held by the monkey, who pushed while the dog pulled.

The most interesting part of the performance, however, was by the monkey. Various kinds of hats and false faces were kept in a box which he opened and secured. He stalked about with a cane in his hand, or crosswise back of his neck, turned handsprings, went through various trapeze performances, such as hanging by his legs, tail, chin, and hands, or was whirled around in the air.

The leading strap of the monkey was finally tied to the belt of the sheep which was led away to some distance and let go. The monkey bounded upon its back and held fast to the wool, while the sheep ran with all its speed to the showman, who held a basin of broom-corn seed as a bait. This was repeated as often as the children desired, which

ended the show. Time,—half an hour; spectators,—all who desired to witness it; price,—five cents.

The showmen in China are somewhat like the tramps and beggars in other countries. When they find a place where there are children who enjoy shows, each tells the other, and they all call around in turn.

Our next show was an exhibition given by a man with a trained bear.

The animal had two rings in his nose, to one of which was fastened a leading string or strap, and to the other, while performing, a large chain. A man stood on one end of the chain, and the manager, with a long-handled ladle, or with his hand, gave the bear small pieces of bread or other food after each trick he performed.

The first trick was walking on his hind feet as if dancing. But

more amusing than this to the children was to see him turn summersaults both forward and backward. These were repeated several times because they were easily done, and added to the length of time the show continued.

Children, however, begin to appreciate at an early age what is difficult and what easy, and it was not until he took a carrying-pole six feet long, put the middle of it upon his forehead and set it whirling with his paws, that they began to say:

"That's good," "That's hard to do," and other expressions of a like nature.

They enjoyed seeing him stand on his front feet, or on his head with his hind feet kicking the air, but they enjoyed still more seeing him put on the wooden collar of a convict and twirl it around his neck. The manager gave him some bread and then tried to induce him to take it off, but he whined for more bread and refused to do so. Finally he took off the collar, and when they tried to take it from him he put it on again. When he took it off the next time and offered it to them they refused to receive it, but tried to get him to put it on, which he stubbornly refused to do, and finally threw it away.

His last trick was to sit down upon his haunches, stick up one of his hind feet, and twirl a knife six feet long upon it as he had twirled the carrying-pole upon his head. The manager said he would wrestle with the men, but this was a side issue and only done when extra money was added to the regular price, which was twelve cents.

One of the most common showmen seen on the streets of Peking, goes about with a framework upon his shoulder in

the shape of a sled, the runners of which are turned up at both ends. It seemed to me to be less interesting than the other shows, but as it is more common, the children probably look upon it with more favor, and the children are the final critics of all things for the little ones.

The show was given by a man and two boys, one of whom impersonated a girl. Small feet, like the bound feet of a girl, were strapped on like stilts, his own being covered by wide trousers, and he and the boy sang songs and danced to the music of the drum and cymbals in the hands of the showman.

The second part of the performance was a boat ride on dry land. The girl got into the frame, let down around it a piece of cloth which was fastened to the top, and took hold of the frame in such a way as to carry it easily. The boy, with a long stick, pushed as if starting the boat, and then

pulled as if rowing, and with every pull of the oar, the girl ran a few steps, making it appear that the boat shot forward. All the while the boy sang a boat-song or a love-ditty to his sweetheart.

Again the scene changed. The head and hind parts of a *papier mâché* horse were fastened to the "tomboy" in such a way as to make it appear that she was riding; a cloth was let down to hide her feet, and they ran to and fro, one in one direction and the other in the other, she jerking her unmanageable steed, and he singing songs, and all to the music of the drum and the cymbals.

It sometimes happens that while the girl rides the horse, the boy goes beside her in the boat, the rapidity and character of their movements being governed by the music of the manager.

The best part of the whole performance was that which goes by the name of the lion show. The girl took off her small feet and girl's clothes and became a boy again. One of the boys stood up in front and put on an apron of woven grass, while the other bent forward and clutched hold of his belt. A large *papier mâché* head of a lion was put on the front boy, to which was attached a covering of woven grass large enough to cover them both, while a long tail of the same material was stuck into a framework fastened to the belt of the hinder boy.

The manager beat the drum, the lion stalked about the court, keeping step to the music, turning its large head in every direction and opening and shutting its mouth, much to the amusement of the children.

THE CHINESE BOY AND GIRL

There is probably no country in the world that has more travelling shows specially prepared for the entertainment of children than China. Scarcely a day passes that we do not hear the drum or the gong of the showmen going to and fro, or standing at our court gate waiting to be called in.

"DOGGIE'S GOT A TOOTH."

JUVENILE ACROBATS.

JUVENILE JUGGLING

"How is that?"

"Very good."

"Can you do it?" asked the sleight-of-hand performer, as he rolled a little red ball between his finger and thumb, pitched it up, caught it as it came down, half closed his hand and blew into it, opened his hand and the ball had disappeared.

He picked up another ball, tossed it up, caught it in his mouth, dropped it into his hand, and it mysteriously disappeared.

The juggler was seated on the ground with a piece of blue cloth spread out before him, on which were three cups, and five little red wax balls nearly as large as cranberries.

He continued to toss the wax balls about until they had

all disappeared. We watched him closely, but could not discover where they had gone. He then arose, took a small portion of my coat sleeve between his thumb and finger, began rubbing them together, and by and by, one of the balls appeared between his digits. He picked at a small boy's ear and got another of the balls. He blew his nose and another dropped upon the cloth. He slapped the top of his head and one dropped out of his mouth, and he took the fifth from a boy's hair.

He then changed his method. He placed the cups' mouths down upon the cloth, and under one of them put the five little balls. When he placed the cup we watched carefully; there were no balls under it. When he raised it up, behold, there were the five little balls.

He removed the cups from one place to another, and

asked us to guess which cup the balls were under, but we were always wrong.

There was a large company of us, ranging from children of three to old men and women of seventy-five, and from Chinese schoolboys to a bishop of the church, but none of us could discover how he did it.

Later, however, I learned how the trick was performed. As he raised the cup with his thumb and forefinger, he inserted two other fingers under, gathered up all the balls between them and placed them under the cup as he put it down. While in making the balls disappear, he concealed them either in his mouth or between his fingers.

The Chinese have a saying:

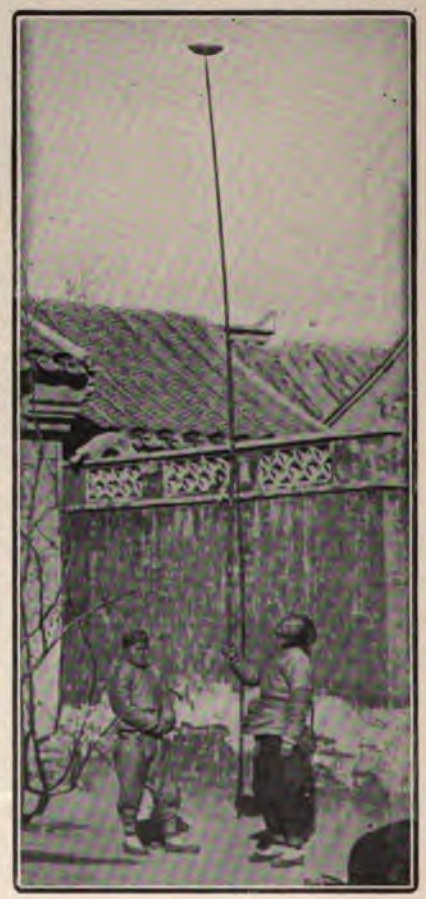
> In selecting his balls from north to south,
> The magician cannot leave his mouth;
> And in rolling his balls, you understand,
> He must have them hidden in his hand.

Of quite a different character are the jugglers with plates and bowls. Not only children, but many of a larger growth delight to watch these. Our only way of learning about them was to call them into our court as the Chinese call them to theirs, and that is what we did.

The performer first put a plate on the top of a trident and set it whirling. In this whirling condition he put the trident on his forehead where he balanced it, the trident whirling with the plate as though boring into his skull.

He next took a bamboo pole six feet long, with a nail in the end on which he set the plate whirling. The plate, of

course, had a small indentation to keep it in its place on the nail. He raised the plate in the air and inserted into the first pole another of equal length, then another and still another, which put the plate whirling in the air thirty feet high.



Thus whirling he balanced it on his hand, on his arm, on his thumb, on his forehead, and finally in his mouth, after which he tossed the plate up, threw the pole aside, and caught it as it came down. The old manager standing by received the pole, but as he saw the plate tossed up, he fell flat upon the earth, screaming lest the plate be broken.

This same performer set a bowl whirling on the end of a chop-stick. Then tossing the bowl up he caught it inverted on the chop-stick, and made it whirl as rapidly as possible. In this

condition he tossed it up ten, then fifteen, then twenty or more feet into the air catching it on the chop-stick as it came down.

He then changed the process. He tossed the bowl a foot high, and struck it with the other chop-stick one, two, three, four or five times before it came down, and this he did so rapidly and regularly as to make it sound almost like music. There is a record of one of the ancient poets who was able to play a tune with his bowl and chop-sticks after having finished his meal. He may have done it in this way.

This trick seemed a very difficult performance. It excited the children, and some of the older persons clapped their hands and exclaimed, "Very good, very good." But when he tossed it only a foot high and let go the chop-stick, making it change ends, and catching the bowl, they were ready for a general applause. In striking the bowl and thus manipulating his chop-sticks, his hands moved almost as rapidly as those of an expert pianist.

"Can you toss the knives?" piped up one of the children who had seen a juggler perform this difficult feat.

The man picked up two large knives about a foot long and began tossing them with one hand. While this was going on a third knife was handed him and he kept them going with both hands. At times he threw them under his leg or behind his back, and at other times pitched them up twenty feet high, whirling them as rapidly as possible and catching them by the handles as they came down.

While doing this he passed one of the knives to the at-

tendant who gave him a bowl, and he kept the bowl and two knives going. Then he gave the attendant another knife and received a ball, and the knife, the ball and the bowl together, the ball and bowl at times moving as though the former were glued to the bottom of the latter.

These were not all the tricks he could perform but they were all he would perform in addition to his bear show for twelve cents—for this was the man with the bear—so the children allowed him to go.

Some weeks later they called in a different bear show. This bear was larger and a better performer, but his tricks were about the same.

The juggler in addition to doing all we have already described performed also the following tricks.

He first put one end of an iron rod fifteen inches long in his mouth. On this he placed a small revolving frame three by six inches. He set a bowl whirling on the end of a bamboo splint fifteen inches long, the

other end of which he rested on one side of the frame, balancing the whole in his mouth.

While the bowl continued whirling, he took the frame off the rod, stuck the bamboo in a hole in the frame an inch from the end, resting the other end of the frame on the rod, brought the bowl over so as to obtain a centre of gravity and thus balanced it.

He took two small tridents a foot or more in length, put the end of the handle of one in his mouth, set the bowl whirling on the end of the handle of the other, rested the middle prong of one on the middle prong of the other and let it whirl with the bowl. Afterwards he set the prong of the whirling trident on the edge of the other and let it whirl.

He took two long curved boar's teeth which were fastened on the ends of two sticks, one a foot long the other six inches. The one he held in his mouth, the other having a hole diagonally through the stick, he inserted a chop-stick making an angle of seventy degrees. He set the bowl whirling on the end of the chop-stick, rested one tooth on the other, in the indentation and they whirled like a brace and bit.

Finally he took a spiral wire having a straight point on each end. This he called a *dead dragon.* He set the bowl whirling on one end, placing the other on the small frame already referred to. As the spiral wire began to turn as though boring, he called it a *living dragon.* These feats of balancing excited much wonder and merriment on the part of the children.

The juggler then took an iron trident with a handle four

and a half feet long and an inch and a half thick, and, pitching it up into the air, caught it on his right arm as it came down. He allowed it to roll down his right arm, across his back, and along his left arm, and as he turned his body he kept the trident rolling around crossing his back and breast and giving it a new impetus with each arm. The trident had on it two cymbal-shaped iron plates which kept up a constant rattling.

This showman had with him three boy acrobats whose skill he proceeded to show.

"Pitch the balls," he said.

The largest of the three boys fastened a cushioned band, on which was a leather cup, around his head, the cup being on his forehead just between his eyes.

He took two wooden balls, two and a half inches in

diameter, tossed them in the air twenty feet high, catching them in the cup as they came down. The shape of the cup was such as to hold the balls by suction when they fell. He never once missed. This is the most dangerous looking of all the tricks I have seen jugglers perform.

"Shooting stars," said the showman.

The boy tossed aside his cup and balls and took a string six feet long, on the two ends of which were fastened wooden balls two and a half inches in diameter. He set the balls whirling in opposite directions until they moved so rapidly as to

stretch the string, which he then held in the middle with finger and thumb and by a simple motion of the hand kept the balls whirling.

He was an expert, and changed the swinging of the balls in as many different ways as an expert club-swinger could his clubs.

"Boy acrobats," called out the manager, as the manipulator of the "shooting stars" bowed himself out amid the applause of the children.

The two smaller boys threw off their coats, hitched up their trousers—always a part of the performance whether necessary or not—and began the high kick, high jump, handspring, somersault, wagon wheel, ending with handspring, and bending backwards until their heads touched the ground.

One of them stood on two benches a foot high, put a handkerchief on the ground, and bending backwards, picked it up with his teeth.

The two boys then clasped each other around the waist, as in the illustration, and each threw the other back over his head a dozen times or more.

Exit the bear show with the boy acrobats, enter the old woman juggler with her husband who beats the gong.

This was one of the most interesting performances I have ever seen in China, perhaps because so unexpected.

The old woman had small, bound feet. She lay flat on her back, stuck up her feet, and her husband put a crock a foot in diameter and a foot and a half deep upon them. She set it rolling on her feet until it whirled like a cylinder. She

JUVENILE JUGGLING

tossed it up in such a way as to have it light bottom side up on her "*lillies*,"[1] in which position she kept it whirling. Tossing it once more it came down on the side, and again tossing it she caught it right side up on her small feet, keeping it whirling all the time.

My surprise was so great that I gave the old woman ten cents for performing this single trick.

The tricks of sleight-of-hand performers are well-nigh without number. Some of them are easily understood,—surprising, however, to children—and often interesting to grown people, while others are very clever and not so easily understood.

Instead of the hat from which innumerable small packages are taken, the Chinese magician had two hollow cylinders, which exactly fit into each other, that he took out of a box

[1] Small feet of the Chinese woman.

and placed upon a cylindrical chest, and from these two cylinders—each of which he repeatedly showed us as being without top or bottom and empty — he took a dinner of a dozen courses.

He called upon the baker to bring bread, the grocer to bring vegetables, and after each call he took out of the cylinders the thing called for. He finally called the wine shop to bring wine, and removing both cylinders, he exposed to the surprised children a large crock of wine.

As he brought out dish after dish, the children looked in open-mouthed wonder, and asked papa, mama or nurse, where he got them all, for they evidently were not in the cylinders. But papa saw him all the time manipulating the crock in the cylinder which he did not show, and he knew that all these things were taken from and then returned to this crock, while instead of being full of wine, he had only

a cup of wine in a false lid which exactly fitted the mouth of the crock, and made it seem full.

When he had put away his crock and cylinders, he produced what seemed to be two empty cups.

He presented them to us to show that they were empty, then putting them mouth to mouth, and placing them on the ground, he left them a moment, when with a "presto change," and a wave of the hand, he removed the top cup and revealed to the astonished children and some of the children of a larger growth, a cup full of water with two or three little fish or frogs therein.

On inquiry I was told that he had the under cup covered with a thin film of water-colored material, and that as he removed the top cup he removed also the film which left the fish or frogs exposed to view.

This same juggler performed many tricks of producing great dishes of water from under his garments, the mere enumeration of which, might prove to be tiresome.

I was walking along the street one day near the mouth of Filial Piety Lane where a large company of men and children were watching a juggler, and from the trick I thought it worth while to invite him in for the amusement of the children. He promised to come about four o'clock, which he did.

He first proceeded to eat a hat full of yellow paper, after which, with a gag and a little puff, he pulled from his mouth a tube of paper of the same color five or six yards long.

This was very skillfully performed and for a long time I was not able to understand how he did it. But after awhile

I discovered that with the last mouthful of paper he put in a small roll, the centre of which he started by puffing, and this he pulled out in a long tube. He did it with so many groanings and with such pain in the region of the stomach, that attention was directed either to his stomach or the roll, and taken away from his mouth.

"I shall eat these needles," said he, as he held up half a dozen needles, "and then eat this thread, after which I shall reproduce them."

He did so. He grated his teeth together causing a sound much like that of breaking needles. He pretended to swallow them, working his tongue back and forth in his tightly closed mouth, after which he drew forth the thread on which all the needles were strung.

He had a number of small white bone needles which he stuck into his nose and pulled out of his eyes, or which he pushed up under his upper lip and took out of his eyes or *vice versa*. How he performed the above trick I was not able to discover. He seemed to put them through the tear duct, but whether he did or not I cannot say. How he got them from his mouth to his eyes unless he had punctured a passage beneath the skin, is still to me a mystery.

His last trick was to swallow a sword fifteen inches long. The sword was straight with a round point and dull edges. There was no deception about this. He was an old man and his front, upper teeth were badly worn away by the constant rasping of the not over-smooth sword. He simply put it in his mouth, threw back his head and stuck it down his throat to his stomach.

"HERE COMES THE RICE-MAN."

A SAD OLD COW.

STORIES TOLD TO CHILDREN

ONE hot summer afternoon as I lay in the hammock trying to take a nap after a hard forenoon's work and a hearty lunch, I heard the same old nurse who had told me my first Chinese Mother Goose Rhymes, telling the following story to the same little boy to whom she had repeated the "Mouse and the Candlestick."

She told him that the Chinese call the Milky Way the Heavenly River, and that the Spinning Girl referred to in the story is none other than the beautiful big star in Lyra which we call Vega, while the Cow-herd is Altair in Aquila.

THE HEAVENLY RIVER, WITH THE PEOPLE WHO DWELL THEREON.

Once upon a time there dwelt a beautiful maiden in a quiet little village on the shore of the Heavenly River.

THE CHINESE BOY AND GIRL

Her name was Vega, but the people of China have always called her the Spinning Maiden, because of her faithfulness to her work, for though days, and months, and years passed away, she never left her loom.

Her diligence so moved the heart of her grandfather, the King of Heaven, that he determined to give her a vacation, which she at once decided to spend upon the earth.

In a village near where the maiden dwelt there was a young man named Altair, whom the Chinese call the Cow-herd.

Now the Cow-herd was in love with the Spinning Girl, but she was always so intent upon her work as never to give him an opportunity to confess his affection, but now he determined to follow her to earth, and, if possible, win her for his bride.

He followed her through the green fields and shady groves, but never dared approach her or tell her of his love.

At last, however, the time came. He discovered her bathing in a limpid stream, the banks of which were carpeted with flowers, while myriad boughs of blossoming peach and cherry trees hid her from all the world but him.

He secretly crept near and stole away and hid her garments made of silken gauze and finely woven linen, making it alike impossible for her to resist his suit or to return to her celestial home.

She yielded to the Cow-herd and soon became his wife, and as the years passed by a boy and girl were born to them, little star children, twins, such as are seen near by the Spinning Girl in her heavenly home to-day.

One day she went to her husband, and, bowing low, requested that he return the clothes he had hid away, and he, thinking the presence of the children a sufficient guaranty for her remaining in his home, told her he had put them in an old, dry well hard by the place where she had been bathing.

No sooner had she secured them than the aspect of their home was changed. The Cow-herd's wife once more became the Spinning Girl and hied her to her heavenly abode.

It so happened that her husband had a piece of cow-skin which gave him power over earth and air. Snatching up this, with his ox-goad, he followed in the footsteps of his fleeing wife.

Arriving at their heavenly home the happy couple sought the joys of married life. The Spinning Girl gave up her loom, and the Cow-herd his cattle, until their negligence annoyed the King of Heaven, and he repented having let her leave her loom. He called upon the Western Royal Mother for advice. After consultation they decided that the two should be separated. The Queen, with a single stroke of her great silver hairpin, drew a line across the heavens, and from that time the Heavenly River has flowed between them, and they are destined to dwell forever on the two sides of the Milky Way.

What had seemed to the youthful pair the promise of perpetual joy, became a condition of unending grief. They were on the two sides of a bridgeless river, in plain sight of each other, but forever debarred from hearing the voice or pressing the land of the one beloved, doomed to perpetual toil unlit by any ray of joy or hope.

Their evident affection and unhappy condition moved the heart of His Majesty, and caused him to allow them to visit each other once with each revolving year,—on the seventh day of the seventh moon. But permission was not enough, for as they looked upon the foaming waters of the turbulent stream, they could but weep for their wretched condition, for no bridge united its two banks, nor was it allowed that any structure be built which would mar the contour of the shining dome.

In their helplessness the magpies came to their rescue. At early morn on the seventh day of the seventh moon, these beautiful birds gathered in great flocks about the home of the maiden, and hovering wing to wing above the river, made a bridge across which her dainty feet might carry her in safety. But when the time for separation came, the two wept bitterly, and their tears falling in copious showers are the cause of the heavy rains which fall at that season of the year.

From time immemorial it has been known that the Yellow River is neither more nor less than a prolongation of the Milky Way, soiled by earthly contact and contamination, and that the homes of the Spinning Maiden and the Cow-herd are the centres of two of the numerous villages that adorn its banks. It is not to be wondered at, however, that in an evil and skeptical world there should be many who doubt these facts.

On this account, and to forever settle the dispute, the great traveller and explorer, Chang Ch'ien, undertook to discover the source of the Yellow River. He first transformed

the trunk of a great tree into a boat, provided himself with the necessities of life and started on his journey.

Days passed into weeks, and weeks became months as he sailed up the murky waters of the turbid stream. But the farther he went the clearer the waters became until it seemed as if they were flowing over a bed of pure, white limestone. Village after village was passed both on his right hand and on his left, and many were the strange sights that met his gaze. The fields became more verdant, the flowers more beautiful, the scenery more gorgeous, and the people more like nymphs and fairies. The color of the clouds and the atmosphere was of a richer, softer hue; while the breezes which wafted his frail bark were milder and gentler than any he had known before.

Despairing at last of reaching the source he stopped at a village where he saw a maiden spinning and a young man leading an ox to drink. He alighted from his boat and in-

quired of the girl the name of the place, but she, without making reply, tossed him her shuttle, telling him to return to his home and inquire of the astrologer, who would inform him where he received it, if he but told him when.

He returned and presented the shuttle to the noted astrologer Chün Ping, informing him at the same time where, when and from whom he had received it. The latter consulted his observations and calculations and discovered that on the day and hour when the shuttle had been given to the traveller he had observed a wandering star enter and leave the villages of the Spinning Girl and the Cow-herd, which proved beyond doubt that the Yellow River is the prolongation of the Milky Way, while the points of light which we call stars, are the inhabitants of Heaven pursuing callings similar to our own.

Chang Ch'ien made another important discovery, namely, that the celestials, understanding the seasons better than we, turn the shining dome in such a way as to make the Heavenly River indicate the seasons of the year, and so the children sing:

Whene'er the Milky Way you spy,
Diagonal across the sky,
The egg-plant you may safely eat,
And all your friends to melons treat.

But when divided towards the west,
You'll need your trousers and your vest,
When like a horn you see it float,
You'll need your trousers and your coat.

It is unnecessary to state that I did not go to sleep while the old nurse was telling the story of the Heavenly River. The child sat on his little stool, his elbows on his knees and his chin resting in his hands, listening with open lips and eyes sparkling with interest. To the old nurse it was real. The spinning girl and the cow-herd were living persons. The flowers bloomed,—we could almost smell their odor,—and the gentle breezes seemed to fan our cheeks. She had told the story so often that she believed it, and she imparted to us her own interest.

"Nurse," said the child, "tell me about

"'THE MAN IN THE MOON.'"

"The man in the moon," said the old nurse, "is called Wu Kang. He was skilled in all the arts of the genii, and was accustomed to play before them whenever opportunity offered or occasion required.

"Once it turned out that his performances were displeasing to the spirits, and for this offense he was banished to the moon, and condemned to perpetual toil in hewing down the cinnamon trees which grow there in great abundance. At every blow of the axe he made an incision, but only to see it close up when the axe was withdrawn.

"He had another duty, however, a duty which was at times irksome, but one which on the whole was more pleasant than any that falls to men or spirits,—the duty indicated by the proverb that 'matches are made in the moon.'

"It was his lot to bind together the feet of all those on

earth who are destined to a betrothal, and in the performance of this duty, he was often compelled to return to earth. When doing so he came as an old man with long white hair and beard, with a book in his hand in which he had written the matrimonial alliances of all mankind. He also carried a wallet which contains a ball of invisible cord with which he ties together the feet of all those who are destined to be man and wife, and the destinies which he announces it is impossible to avoid.

"On one occasion he came to the town of Sung, and while sitting in the moonlight, turning over the leaves of his book of destinies, he was asked by Wei Ku, who happened to be passing, who was destined to become his bride. The old man consulted his records, as he answered: 'Your wife is the daughter of an old woman named Ch'en who sells vegetables in yonder shop.'

"Having heard this, Wei Ku went the next day to look about him and if possible to get a glimpse of the one to whom the old man referred, but he discovered that the only child the old woman had was an ill-favored one of two years which she carried in her arms. He hired an assassin to murder the infant, but the blow was badly aimed and left only a scar on the child's eyebrow.

"Fourteen years afterwards, Wei Ku married a beautiful maiden of sixteen whose only defect was a scar above the eye, and on inquiries he discovered that she was the one foretold by the Old Man of the Moon, and he recalled the proverb that 'Matches are made in heaven, and the bond of fate is sealed in the moon.'"

STORIES TOLD TO CHILDREN

"Nurse, tell me about the land of the big people," whereupon the nurse told him of

The Land of Giants.

"There was in ancient times a country east of Korea which was called the land of the giants. It was celebrated for its length rather than for its width, being bounded on all sides by great mountain ranges, the like of which cannot be found in other countries. It extends for thousands of miles along the deep passes between the mountains, at the entrance to which there are great iron gates, easily closed, but very difficult to open.

"Many armies have made war upon the giants, among which none have been more celebrated than those of Korea, which embraces in its standing army alone many thousands of men, but thus far they have never been conquered.

"Nor is this to be wondered at, for besides their great iron gates, and numerous fortifications, the men are thirty feet tall according to our measurement, have teeth like a saw, hooked claws, and bodies covered with long black hair.

"They live upon the flesh of fowls and wild beasts, which are found in abundance in the mountain fastnesses, but they do not cook their food. They are very fond of human flesh, but they confine themselves to the flesh of enemies slain in battle, and do not eat the flesh of their own people, even though they be hostile, as this is contrary to the law of the land.

"Their women are as large and fierce as the men, but their duties are confined to the preparation of extra clothing for

winter wear, for although they are covered with hair it is insufficient to protect them from the winter's cold."

While the old nurse was relating the tale of the giants I could not but wonder whether there was not some relation between that and the Brobdingnagians I had read about in my youth. But I was not given much time to think. This seemed to have been a story day, for the nurse had hardly finished the tale till the child said:

"Now tell me about the country of the little people," and she related the story of

THE LAND OF DWARFS.

"The country of the little people is in the west, where the sun goes down.

"Once upon a time a company of Persian merchants were making a journey, when by a strange mishap they lost their way and came to the land of the little people. They were at first surprised, and then delighted, for they discovered that the country was not only densely populated with these little people, who were not more than three feet high, but that it was rich in all kinds of precious stones and rare and valuable materials.

"They discovered also that during the season of planting and harvesting, they were in constant terror lest the great multitude of cranes, which are without number in that region, should swoop down upon them and eat both them and their crops. They soon learned, however, that the little people were under the protecting care of the Roman Empire, whose interest in them was great, and her arm mighty, and

they were thus guarded from all evil influences as well as from all danger. Nor was this a wholly unselfish interest on the part of the Roman power, for the little people repaid her with rich presents of the most costly gems,—pearls, diamonds, rubies and other precious stones."

I need not say I was beginning to be surprised at the number of tales the old woman told which corresponded to those I had been accustomed to read and hear in my childhood, nor was my surprise lessened when at his request she told him how

THE SUN WENT BACKWARD.

"Once upon a time Lu Yang-kung was engaged in battle with Han Kou-nan, and they continued fighting until nearly sundown. The former was getting the better of the battle, but feared he would lose it unless they fought to a finish before the close of day. The sun was near the horizon, and the battle was not yet ended, and the former, pointing his lance at the King of Day caused him to move backward ten miles in his course."

"When did that happen?" inquired the child.

"The Chinese say it happened about three thousand years ago," replied the old nurse.

"Now tell me about the man who went to the fire star."

The old woman hesitated a moment as though she was trying to recall something and then told him the story of

MARS, THE GOD OF WAR.

"Once upon a time there was a great rebel whose name was Ch'ih Yu. He was the first great rebel that ever lived

in China. He did not want to obey the chief ruler, and invented for himself warlike weapons, thinking that in this way he might overthrow the government and place himself upon the throne.

"He had eighty-one brothers, of whom he was the leader. They had human speech, but bodies of beasts, foreheads of iron, and fed upon the dust of the earth.

"When the time for the battle came, he called upon the Chief of the Wind and the Master of the Rain to assist him, and there arose a great tempest. But the Chief sent the Daughter of Heaven to quell the storm, and then seized and slew the rebel. His spirit ascended to the Fire-Star (Mars) —the embodiment of which he was while upon earth,— where it resides and influences the conduct of warfare even to the present time."

"Tell me the story of the man who went to the mountain to gather fire-wood and did not come home for such a long time."

The old nurse began a story which as it progressed reminded me of

RIP VAN WINKLE.

"A long time ago there lived a man named Wang Chih, which in our language means 'the stuff of which kings are made.' In spite of his name, however, he was only a common husbandman, spending his summers in plowing, planting and harvesting, and his winters in gathering fertilizers upon the highways, and fire-wood in the mountains.

"On one occasion he wandered into the mountains of

Ch'ü Chou, his axe upon his shoulder, hoping to find more and better fire-wood than could be found upon his own scanty acres, or the adjoining plain. While in the mountains he came upon a number of aged men, in a beautiful mountain grotto, intently engaged in a game of chess. Wang was a good chess-player himself, and for the time forgot his errand. He laid down his axe, stood silently watching them, and in a very few moments was deeply interested in the game.

"It was while he was thus watching them that one of the old men, without looking up from the game, gave him what seemed to be a date seed, telling him at the same time to put it in his mouth. He did so, but no sooner had he tasted it, than he lost all consciousness of hunger and thirst, and continued to stand watching the players and the progress of the game, thinking nothing of the flight of time.

"At last one of the old men said to him:

"'You have been here a long time, ought you not to go home?'

"This aroused him from his reverie, and he seemed to awake as from a dream, his interest in the game passed away, and he attempted to pick up his axe, but found that it was covered with rust and the handle had moulded away. But while this called his attention to the fact that time had passed, he felt not the burden of years.

"When he returned to the plain, and to what had formerly been his home, he discovered that not only years but centuries had passed away since he had left for the mountains, and that his relatives and friends had all crossed to

the 'Yellow Springs,' while all records of his departure had long since been forgotten, and he alone remained a relic of the past.

"He wandered up and down inquiring of the oldest people of all the villages, but could discover no link which bound him to the present.

"He returned to the mountain grotto, devoted himself to the study of the occult principles of the 'Old Philosopher' until the material elements of his mortal frame were gradually evaporated or sublimated, and without having passed through the change which men call death, he became an immortal spirit returning whence he came."

Just as the old woman finished this story, my teacher, who always took a nap after lunch, ascended the steps.

"Ah, the story of Wang Chih."

"Do you know any of these stories?" I asked him as I sat down beside him.

"All children learn these stories in their youth," he answered, and then as if fearing I would try to induce him to tell them to me he continued, "but nurses always tell these stories better than any one else, because they tell them so often to the children, for whom alone they were made."

10 14OST2 53 005 BR 6189

DS 725 .H43 C.1
The Chinese boy and girl,
Stanford University Libraries
3 6105 038 169 475

STANFORD UNIVERSITY LIBRARIES
CECIL H. GREEN LIBRARY
STANFORD, CALIFORNIA 94305-6004
(415) 723-1493

All books may be recalled after 7 days

DATE DUE

MAR 14 1995
MAR 21 1995
28D APR 14 1997
MAY 13 1997